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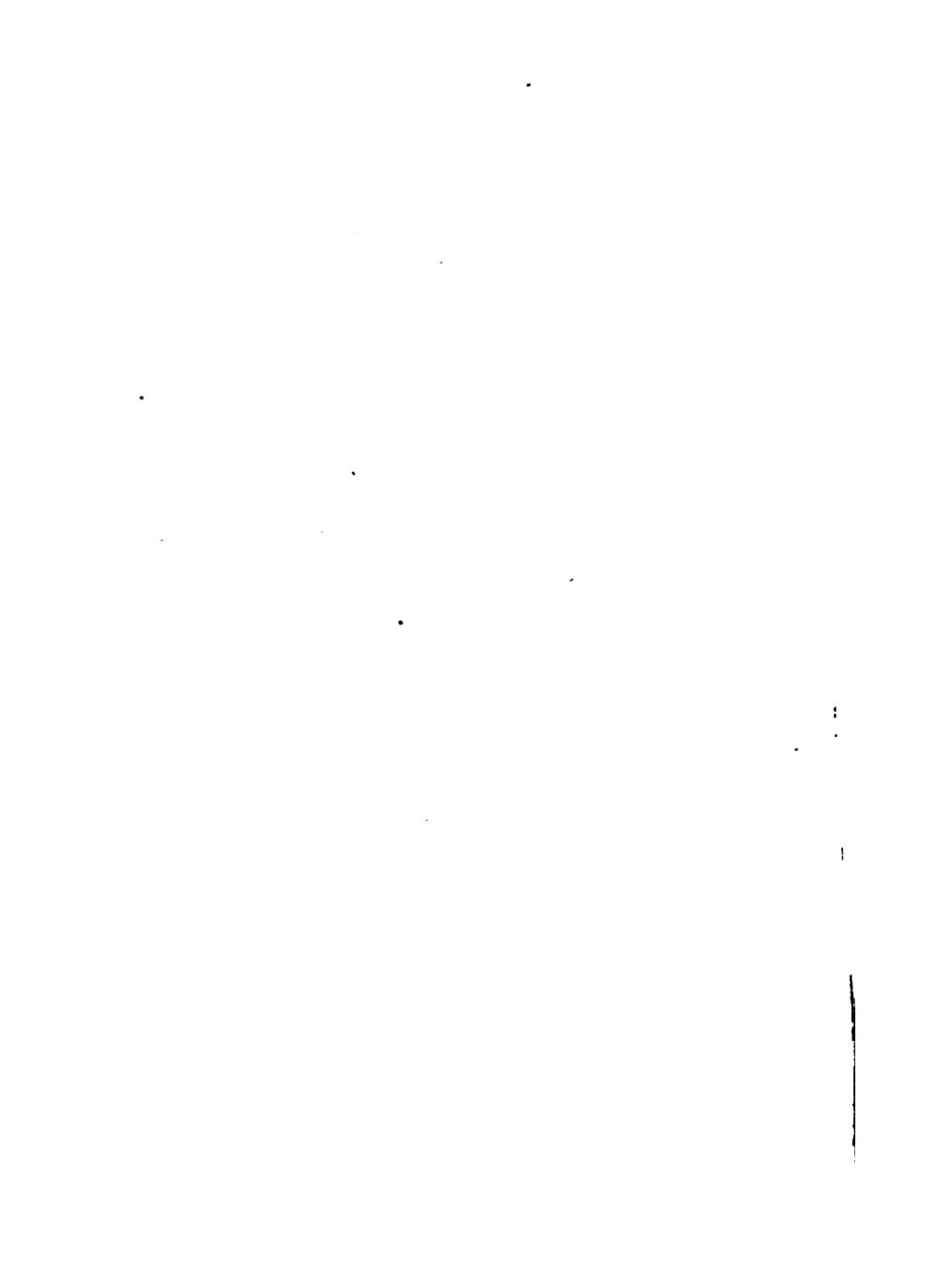
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GIBRALTAR
AND ITS
SIEGES.

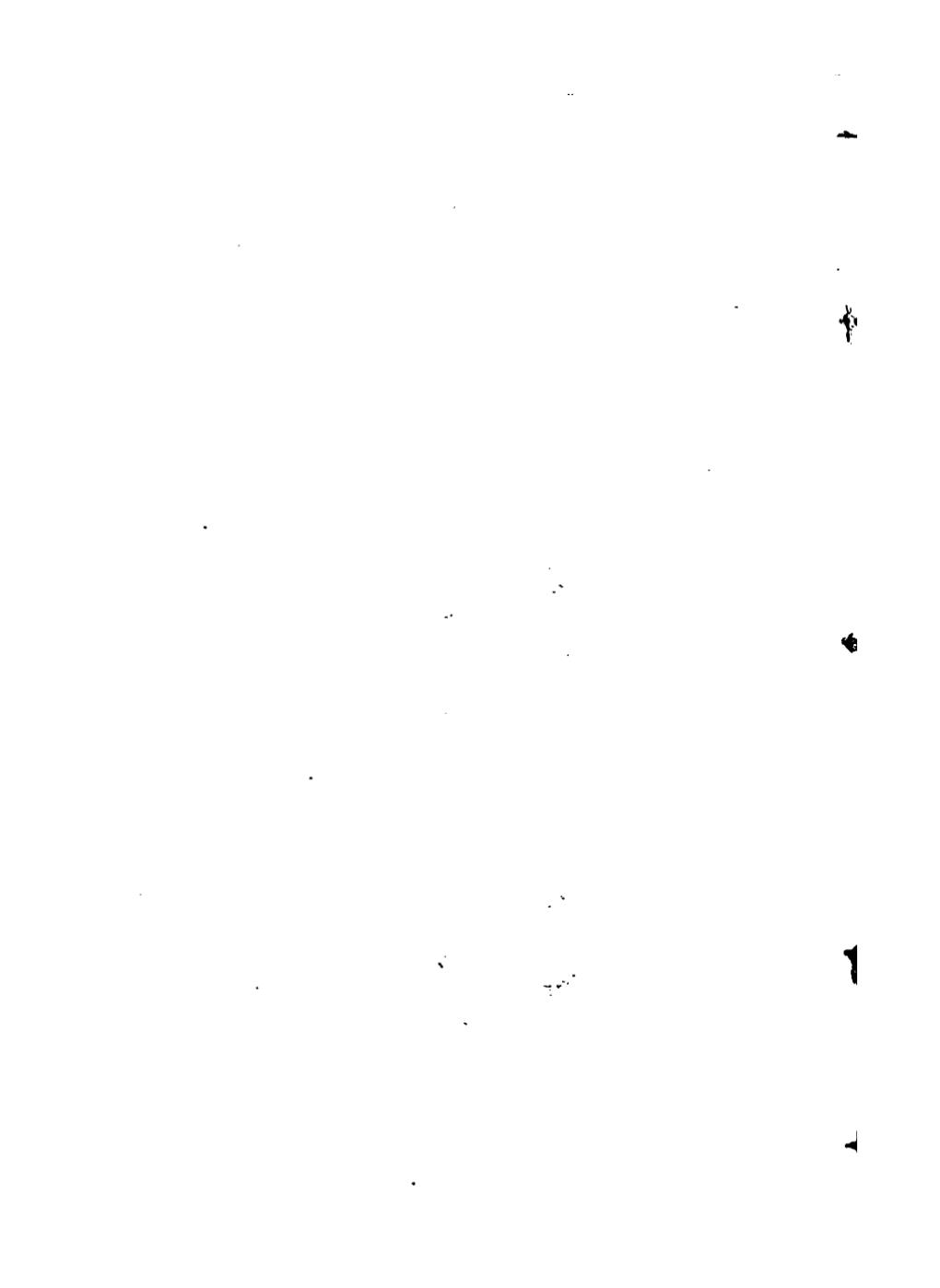


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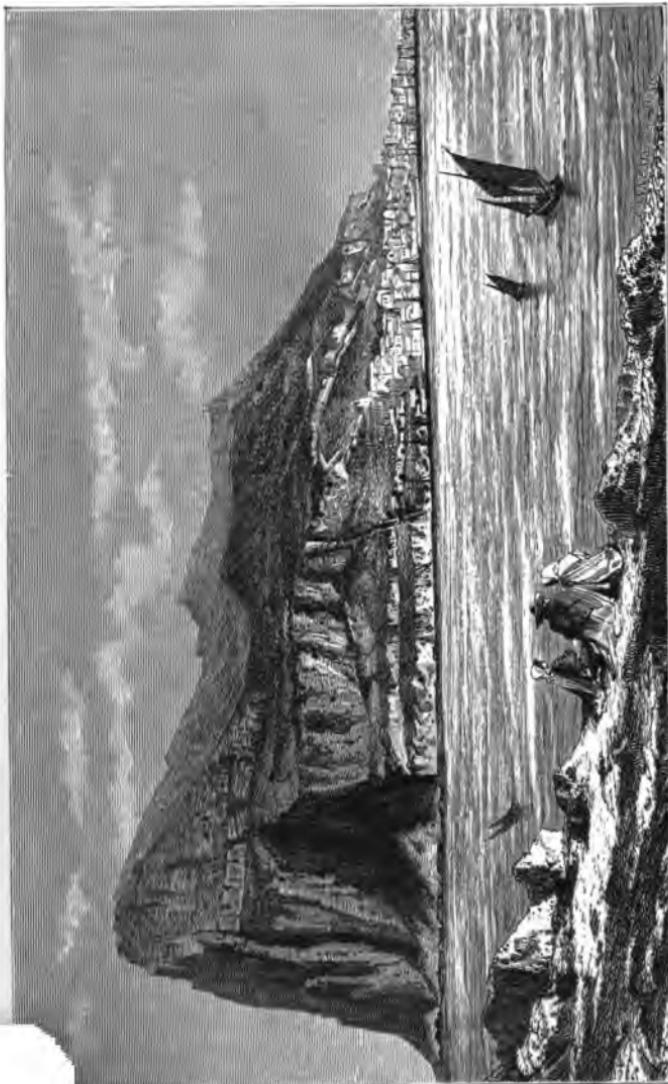
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GIBRALTAR FROM THE NORTH-WEST.



GIBRALTAR AND ITS SIEGES.

WITH A

Description of its Natural Features.

"Where Gibraltar's cannoned steep
Overfrowns the wave."—MATTHEW ARNOLD.



LONDON: THOMAS NELSON AND SONS.
EDINBURGH AND NEW YORK.

1879.

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THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

PART I.

Naval and Military Annals.

CHAPTER I.

SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR IN 1704.

HE year 1704 was the year of Blenheim, that wonderful victory of Marlborough's which dissipated Lewis the Fourteenth's dreams of universal empire. As stars are extinguished in the light of dawn, so in the lustre of this great triumph England's minor successes by sea and land were forgotten. And to this day, while most men remember when Blenheim was won, few are mindful of the year in which Gibraltar was taken. Yet it may well be doubted whether the latter, though the less famous, was not, so far as British interests are concerned, the more important success. It is

difficult, perhaps, to determine any direct advantage which England gained by the battle of Blenheim ; but by the possession of Gibraltar she secured the command of the Mediterranean and of the highway to India.

Gibraltar was captured in the same year in which the battle of Blenheim was won.

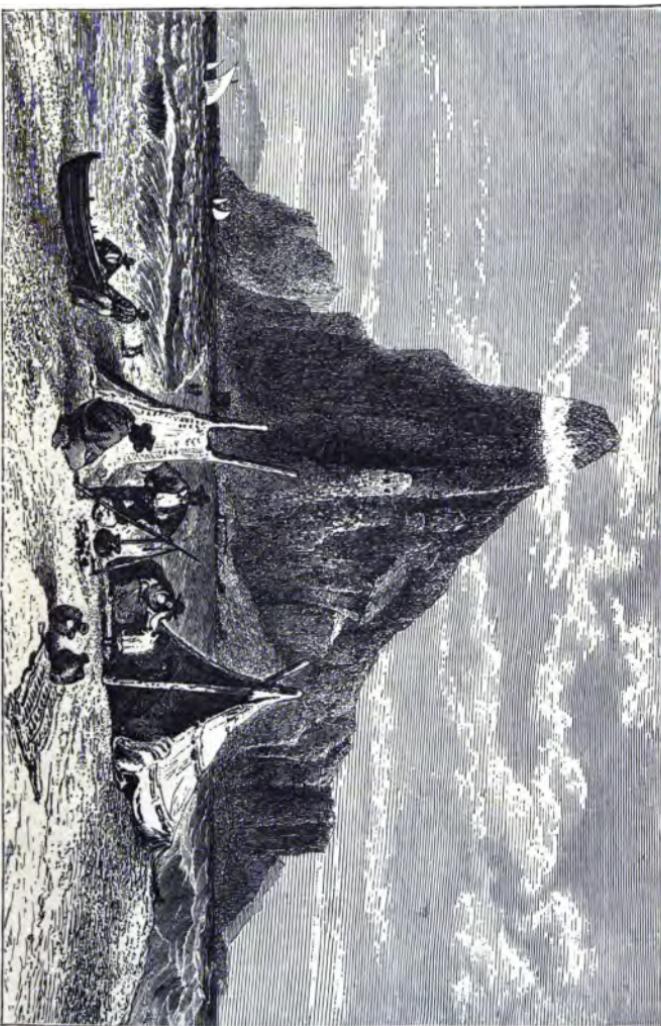
While the Duke of Marlborough was leading his troops to the Rhine, the Archduke Charles, who had assumed the title of King of Spain, had landed at Lisbon, with the view of taking the command of an army collected on the western frontier of the kingdom to which he laid claim. This army was composed of contingents furnished by England, the Netherlands, and Portugal ; but it was prevented from making any progress by the military genius of the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II., who was at the head of the Spanish forces. At the opposite extremity of the Peninsula, an effort was made to provoke a rising of the Catalans on behalf of King Charles. For this purpose, a division of five or six thousand men was placed under the command of the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, who embarked at Lisbon in May, in an English fleet of which Sir George Rooke was the admiral.

The expedition landed at Barcelona, but found the people indisposed to welcome or support it. It was, therefore, re-embarked; and Rooke, sailing down the Mediterranean, passed through the Strait, and effected a junction with the fleet under Sir Cloudeley Shovel. The two admirals were unwilling that so powerful a force should return to England without accomplishing something; and a council of war was held on the 17th of July, at which several schemes were proposed and discussed—among others, an attack upon Cadiz. This, however, was deemed imprudent with so small a body of troops; and at length it was decided to strike a swift and vigorous blow at Gibraltar. The strength of the fortress was well known; but it was equally well known that the garrison was weak, and that the Spaniards relied too confidently on the assistance supplied by Nature.

On the 21st of July, the fleet crossed from Tetuan, and anchored in Gibraltar Bay. The marines, English and Dutch, numbering one thousand eight hundred, were then landed, under the orders of the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, to the northward, on the isthmus, now called the Neutral Ground, which connects the Rock with the mainland. By this movement, the garrison was prevented from obtain-

ing provisions or reinforcements from the interior. A summons was sent to the governor to surrender the stronghold for the service of Charles III., King of Spain ; but the governor replied that he and his veterans were true and loyal subjects of their natural lord, Philip V., and would sacrifice their lives in defence of the place. Sir George Rooke immediately gave directions for the attack to commence ; and Rear-Admiral Byng, with one 80-gun and fourteen 70-gun ships, together with Rear-Admiral Vanderdussen, and six Dutch men-of-war, and some vessels, under Captain Hicks, destined for the attack of the South Mole, took up their positions before daylight on the 23rd.

A heavy cannonade was now hurled against the fortifications. In five or six hours no fewer than fifteen thousand shot were expended ; and the enemy, though they showed the most admirable intrepidity, were driven from their guns. Captain Whitaker, with the armed boats, was then ordered to carry the Mole head ; a position from which the town would be at the mercy of the attacking force. The landing was effected with the utmost alacrity ; but Captain Hicks and Jumper, who lay next the mole, got ahead with their pinnaces, and dashed headlong



ROCK OF GIBRALTAR FROM THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

PAGE II.



against the works. The Spaniards had prepared for the assault, and before abandoning their post sprung a mine, which blew up the fortifications, killed two lieutenants and forty men, and wounded sixty. The survivors, however, would not surrender the ground so hardly gained ; and Captain Whitaker coming up, they warily pushed forward, and carried a small redoubt half-way between the Mole and the town. A second summons being addressed to the governor, the Marquis de Salines, the garrison capitulated ; and thus, on the 24th, this famous fortress fell into the hands of the assailants.

The attack was exceedingly brilliant, and the seamen fought with equal cheerfulness and resolution. It is a proof of the strength of the fortifications, which mounted one hundred guns, that though the garrison consisted of only one hundred and fifty men, the loss of the attacking force was severe. Two lieutenants, one master, and fifty-seven men were killed ; one captain, seven lieutenants, a boatswain, and two hundred and sixteen men wounded. The marquis was allowed to march out with all the honours of war ; and those inhabitants who chose to remain were guaranteed the same rights and privileges which they had enjoyed under Charles II.

Having appointed the Prince of Darmstadt governor, and left as many men to garrison the Rock as could be spared from the fleet, Sir George Rooke sailed for Tetuan to take in wood and water. He then went in search of a French fleet which had been equipped at Toulon, and was under the orders of the High-Admiral of France, the Comte de Thoulouse, who had been joined by some Spanish vessels. Rooke came up with the enemy off Malaga on the 13th of August. The superiority of force lay with the French, who counted fifty line-of-battle ships, carrying 3543 guns and 24,155 men; eight frigates, mounting 149 guns, with 1025 men; nine fire-ships; and a couple of transports. Sir George Rooke had under his command forty-one English and twelve Dutch sail of the line, carrying 3700 guns and 23,200 men, with six frigates, and seven fire-ships. The French vessels, however, were better built than the English, and better armed. They included three ships of 104 guns, and four of 92 and 90 guns, all the rest being from 88 to 52 guns. On the other hand, the combined fleet contained only three of 96 guns and two of 90 guns, the remainder being from 80 to 50.

On Sunday morning, the 13th, the combined fleet

being to windward, the centre led by Sir George Rooke, the van by Sir Cloutesley Shovel and Sir John Leake, and the rear by the Dutch vice-admiral Callunbuy, signal was made to bear down upon the enemy; and upon reaching within half gun-shot, the action began. It was long and hotly contested; the combatants fought all day; yet not a ship of the hundred vessels engaged on either side was taken, or burned, or sunk. The French had not at that time acquired that sense of the superiority of the British at sea which was forced upon them by a disastrous series of defeats in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars; and the British admirals lacked that boldness of attack and contempt of the enemy which Howe, Jervis, and Nelson made a tradition. At all events, the battle, though it lasted all day, had no decisive result; and both fleets drew off at nightfall, having gained nothing except honour. Sir Cloutesley Shovel describes the fight as "very sharp;" and adds, "There is hardly a ship that must not shift one mast, and some must shift all." The French fleet suffered even more than the English, and on the following morning sailed away for Toulon, with a loss in killed and wounded variously estimated at from 2000 to 3000. The loss of the English

was 695 killed, and 1663 wounded ; that of the Dutch, 400 killed and wounded. So far as the "butcher's bill" went, both England and France had equal reason to claim a victory ; and thus, while a *Te Deum* was chanted in Notre Dame, thanksgivings were also publicly offered at St. Paul's.

The Court of Madrid felt the loss of Gibraltar to be a very serious blow, and, before the autumn was passed, despatched the Marquis of Villadaria, with 8000 men, to attempt its recovery. The Earl of Galway, then in command of the Allied forces in Portugal, sent four regiments, with supplies of provisions and ammunition, to the relief of the garrison ; and Sir John Leake soon afterwards arrived in the Bay with twenty sail of English and Dutch ships. Meantime, the Spaniards prosecuted the siege with much vigour, and harassed the garrison with a constant and heavy fire.

Sir John Leake, hearing that the enemy were preparing to attack him with a very powerful fleet, withdrew to Lisbon, in order to refit, and pick up some ships which he had left behind. On the 25th he again put to sea ; and on the 27th suddenly made his appearance in the Bay, where he surprised

three frigates, two English prizes, and some small vessels. He then landed the reinforcements, and six months' supplies of stores, together with a body of five hundred sailors to assist in repairing the breaches made by the hostile guns. His arrival is described as very opportune, for the Spanish general had fixed on that same night for an attack by sea and land at five several points.

Baffled in this design, and conceiving that the garrison would be less on their guard while the English fleet rode in the Bay, the marquis conceived the idea of attempting a *coup-de-main*. On the 31st of October five hundred picked volunteers pledged themselves on the Holy Sacrament to capture the fortress or perish. A goatherd led this daring little band to the south side of the Rock, by the so-called Pass of Locust-trees; and under cover of the darkness they contrived to climb to St. Michael's Cave, where they spent the night. On the following night they boldly scaled Charles the Fifth's Wall, and surprised and slew the guard stationed at the Signal-House and at Middle Hill. They then proceeded to lower their ropes and ladders, and in this way drew up several hundreds of their supports. So far they had been favoured by fortune. But the

English sentinels discovering them, now gave the alarm. All was instant activity and alacrity. A strong detachment of grenadiers immediately marched up from the town; and plied their bayonets so lustily that a hundred of the assailants were killed or hurled headlong over the precipice, while the remainder, with a colonel and thirty officers, surrendered themselves prisoners.

The Marquis of Villadaria was not disheartened by this failure, and though the garrison was well supplied with stores by the English fleet, while his own army was ill-fed and ill-clothed, he kept up a continual fire. Having received considerable reinforcements, he resolved to storm a breach which had been effected at two points of the fortifications. One of these, on the hill, was occupied at night by a captain, three subalterns, and ninety men; but at daybreak the captain, two of the subalterns, and sixty men were accustomed to retire. The other breach, in the Round Tower, was defended by one hundred and eighty men, under a lieutenant alone. Through deserters from the garrison the marquis had ascertained these dispositions, and planned his attack accordingly. The forlorn hope detailed for the upper breach scaled the Rock at night, and sheltered themselves in its

hollows until the captain withdrew in the morning. They then pushed forwards, and, with a discharge of grenades, cleared the works of the subaltern and his small party. Simultaneously the Round Tower was surrounded by three hundred men, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bain, after a gallant defence, was forced to seek shelter in the covered way. But, as before, just when the Spaniards thought success within their grasp, they were doomed to discomfiture. The garrison had taken the alarm; drum and bugle summoned the regiments to their different quarters; and a body of five hundred men flung themselves on the enemy with such determined valour that they were forced to yield. The tower was retaken, and the Rock cleared of Spanish soldiers.

The Governments of Spain and France did not yet abandon all hope of recovering Gibraltar. The Marquis of Villadaria having failed, was superseded by a veteran French general, the Marshal Tessé; and a powerful fleet, under Admiral Pointis, was ordered to blockade the port. The besieging army was reinforced; the entrenchments were repaired and mounted with new and heavier guns. The English Ministry, apprised of these measures, strengthened Sir John Leake with some additional ships; and the

gallant admiral, sailing from Lisbon on the 6th of March, came up with M. Pointis on the 10th, and cut off five of the French ships—three of which were taken, while the others were driven ashore and burned. He then stood into the Bay and landed supplies for the use of the garrison. Despairing of success in any direct attack, the marshal withdrew his troops from their old positions, and entrenched himself across the isthmus, so as to prevent the English from making any forays into the interior.

No further attempt was made upon a fortress which, in the hands of English soldiers, had proved impregnable; and by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Gibraltar was formally ceded to England.

CHAPTER II.

AN INTERVAL.

WE read of no further attempt upon Gibraltar until 1720. At that time the Spanish fortress of Ceuta, on the African coast, was beleaguered by the Moors ; and with the professed intention of relieving it, a large armament was collected in Gibraltar Bay, under the Marquis de Leda. The British Government, however, received information that the real object of the expedition was the surprise of Gibraltar ; and accordingly ordered the governor of Minorca to embark immediately with a portion of his troops and reinforce its garrison. On his arrival, he found that this important post was defended by three battalions only ; that the stores contained provisions for scarcely fourteen days ; and this with a strong Spanish fleet in the Bay. He took such active measures, however, that

the Marquis de Leda was obliged to abandon all hopes of carrying the Rock, and to sail for Ceuta.

Towards the end of 1726 the Spaniards assembled an army near Algesiras, which, in the following January, they moved to the plain below San Roque. Soon after this camp was formed, the Count de Los Torres, the Spanish commander, advanced within reach of the garrison. Brigadier Kane then despatched a message, desiring the count to retire from the range of his guns, or he would do his utmost to force him. The count replied that, as the garrison could command no more than they had power to maintain, he should obey His Catholic Majesty's orders, and push forward as far as he was able. The English general was forced to bear with this insolence, because war had not yet been formally declared between England and Spain.

The situation was altered, however, when in February the Spaniards began to erect batteries on the Neutral Ground. It was felt that this movement was an open declaration of hostile intentions, and the English guns began to fire on the Spanish workmen. Information having been received that the enemy were constructing a mine, our engineers succeeded in discovering the spot, and baffling their

operations. On the morning of the 22nd a sharp fire was opened on the garrison, and new batteries were run up which commanded the Old Mole and the town. The besieged, however, relaxed nothing in their efforts, and maintained the defence with persistent vigour, though their ordnance, being old, were constantly bursting, and inflicting almost as much injury on our own gunners as on the enemy.

The English admirals, on the 2nd of April, resolved on bombarding Algesiras, whence the Spaniards received their supplies of ammunition; but the ships being becalmed, were compelled to drop anchor; after which, says Drinkwater, the navy never gave themselves any further concern about annoying them in that quarter. On the 16th, two sergeants, with ten men each, were ordered to push along under the Rock, and alarm the enemy in the trenches; the governor intending, when they were sufficiently aroused, to rake them with discharges of grape. The sergeants did their duty, and the enemy instantly beat to arms; but the bombardier charged with the duty of signalling to the batteries fired too soon, and the Spaniards, discovering the manœuvre, quickly retired under cover.

Shortly afterwards news arrived of the con-

clusion of peace, and the Spanish accordingly dismantled their works and retreated to their different quarters.

The Rock now continued in the possession of the English for many years, without any attempt being made to disturb them ; and we may pass over half a century in silence, taking up our record again in 1776, when the Right Hon. General George Augustus Elliot was appointed Governor. His name will long be remembered in connection with the famous siege of 1779.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT SIEGE.

BEFORE entering on a description of the Great Siege, which stands foremost among the brilliant episodes of our military history, it will be necessary for the reader's understanding of its details to put before him a view of the Rock and its defences as they then existed. In doing so we must necessarily avail ourselves of the close and careful account furnished by Captain Drinkwater, who wrote from personal knowledge, and shared in the various experiences of the siege. We shall, however, as far as possible, spare our readers the infliction of purely technical language.

The Rock of Gibraltar forms a kind of promontory rising seaward to a height of 1300 feet, and connected with the mainland by a low sandy isthmus. The landward face varies considerably in elevation.

The breadth of the isthmus at the foot of the Rock is about 2700 feet, but towards the country it broadens rapidly. Across this neck of land, which, with the Rock and the Algesiras coast, forms the Bay, the Spaniards, before the Great Siege, had erected a line of fortifications, 1700 yards in length, and distant about a mile from the nearest posts of the garrison. At each extremity a fort of twenty-four guns was erected ; one christened St. Barbara, and the other St. Philip. Their cross-fire completely commanded the so-called Neutral Ground, a narrow belt or strip between English Gibraltar and the Spanish mainland.

The Rock, we must add, is divided into two unequal parts by a ridge extending from north to south. The western section is a gradual slope, broken up with precipices ; but the eastern, which looks out upon the blue Mediterranean, and the northern, facing the Spanish batteries, are both very steep, and, in fact, inaccessible.

At the foot of the north-west slope, and surrounded by irregular fortifications, lies the town, which communicates with the isthmus by a long, narrow causeway, strongly bristling with defensive works. These, and the causeway itself, are over-

looked by the guns mounted in the King’s, Queen’s, and Prince’s lines ; ramparts excavated out of the solid rock, and practicable only to birds of prey. At different heights, up to the very crest, batteries are planted so as to present to an enemy a peculiarly grim and forbidding aspect. The Old Mole, to the west of the Grand Battery, joined with the above lines to pour a tremendous cross-fire on the causeway and Neutral Ground. So great an annoyance did this battery prove to the besiegers, that, by way of distinction, they named it the Devil’s Tongue ; and the entrance into the garrison, with its batteries here, there, and everywhere, and its cannons and mortars on the causeway and Old Mole, suggested to them the picturesque title of the Mouth of Fire.

All along the sea-line were stout bastions, joined by curtains, which were mounted with great guns and howitzers, and supplied with casemates for 1000 men. These sufficiently defended the town ; which was protected also by a rocky shoal, stretching along the front far into the Bay, and preventing the approach of large ships. From the south bastion a curtain stretched up the base of the hill, and terminated the fortifications of the town at an inaccessible precipice. Here was placed the South-port gate, with a dry

ditch in front of it, a covered way, and glacis. Above this gate, on the rugged slope of the hill, and connected with the curtain, was a large bastion, pointing its guns at the Bay. Further up, an ancient Moorish wall ran along to the ridge of the rock, in the front of which a curtain, with loop-holes and redans, built in the reign and christened by the name of Charles V., extended to the summit. Between these two walls, the Moorish and the Emperor's, stood the Signal-House, whence, on a clear bright day, the guard could command an unimpeded view of the Mediterranean, and discern even the shining waters of the Atlantic over the Spanish mountains. "Signals," says Drinkwater, "formerly were made at this post on the appearance of topsail vessels from east and west, but soon after the commencement of the late war we discovered that the Spanish cruisers were more frequently informed of the approach of our friends by our signals than by their own. The signals were therefore discontinued during the siege, but resumed after the general peace of 1783."

Following a line of ramparts along the beach, the visitor, at the time we are speaking of, came to the New Mole, with its 26-gun battery, and thence proceeded to the well-known quay of the Ragged Staff,

usually employed for the landing of stores for the garrison. Ships of the line could lie along the Mole, such was the depth of water ; and at the Mole head was stationed a circular battery for heavy cannon. The Rock is not easily accessible from the New Mole fort to the north end of Rosia Bay, but it was defended, like every other point, by batteries and ramparts.

From the south end of Rosia Bay the cliff rose gradually to Buena Vista—so called on account of its beautiful view of the Spanish and African coasts, bathed in a glow of colour. Several guns were mounted there, and the hill towards Europa Point bore some defensive works. Thence the Rock sweeps down by the Devil's Bowling-Green—so named, on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle,* from its rugged surface—to Little Bay, where a battery stood surrounded by frowning precipices ; and onward stretched the line of works and batteries to Europa Point, the southern extremity of the garrison, though not the southern extremity of the European continent. From this point frown precipitous cliffs of the gloomiest aspect to Europa Advance, where

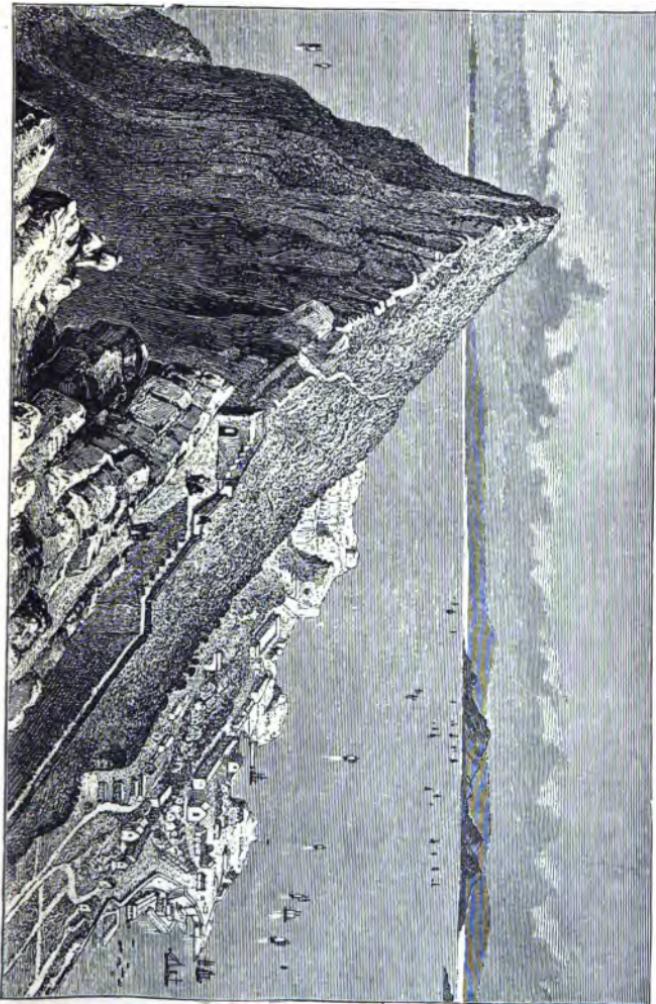
* A range of granite mountains in Argyllshire is similarly named the "Duke of Argyll's Bowling-Green."

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the fortifications were terminated by some few batteries.

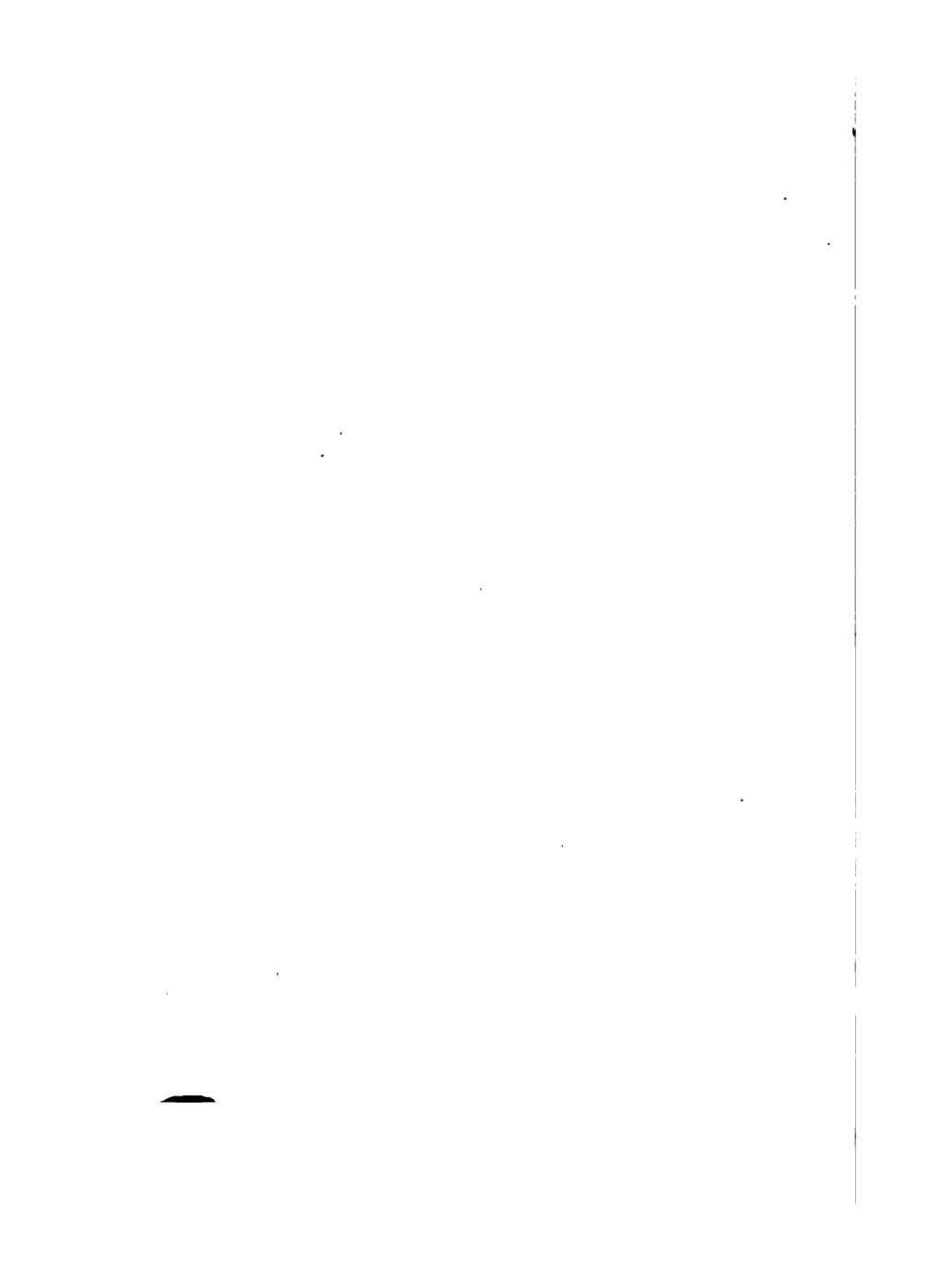
Whether the young reader can or cannot follow in every particular the foregoing description, he will at least derive from it the idea of a not insufficient system of defensive works, which did credit to the ability of the engineer-officers of the time. Every point of vantage had its battery or bastion. The natural advantages of the position were carefully utilised, and the approaches were commanded by heavy guns, which could pour on an advancing enemy a withering fire. In all, the fortifications were armed with six hundred and sixty-three pieces of artillery.

The town of Gibraltar, says Drinkwater, is built on a bed of red sand. The houses were composed of different materials, principally of a solid well-tempered cement called *tapia*; but some of the rock-stone, plastered, and blue-washed on the outside, so as to moderate the fiery rays of the sun. These were generally covered with tiles, but the flat terraced roofs remained in the Spanish houses, and, in many, the *mirandas* or towers, whence the inmates, without removing from home, could luxuriate in a bright and ample prospect of the Bay and neighbouring coasts.



VIEW FROM THE SIGNAL-STATION.

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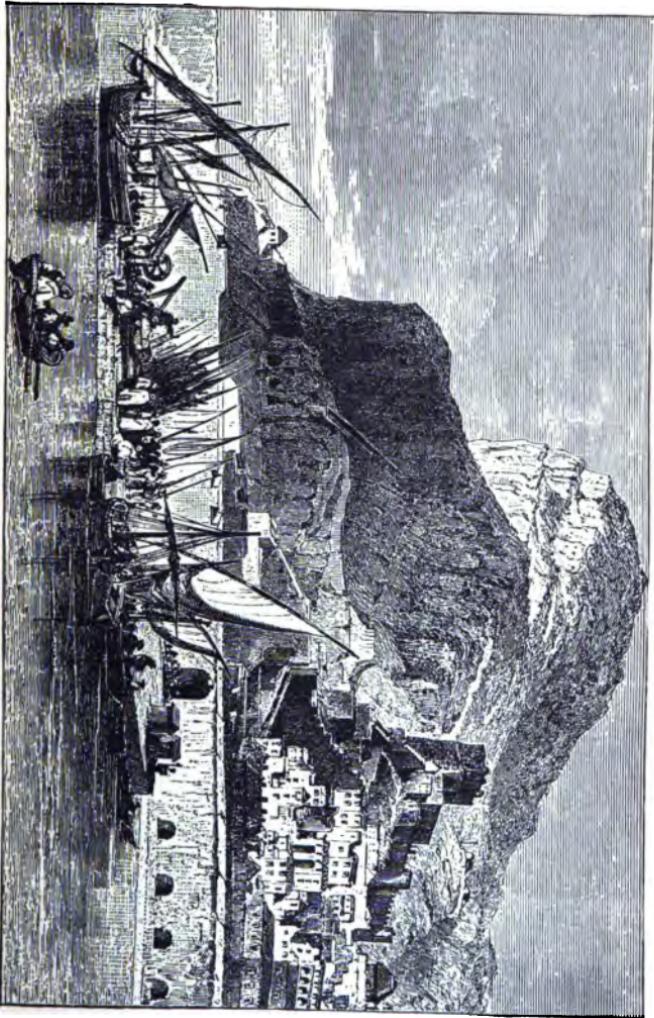


Most conspicuous among the buildings was the old Moorish castle, which recalled to the spectator the palmy days of Saracenic supremacy in Spain. It was situated on the north-west side of the hill, and originally consisted of a triple wall, the outermost of which rose sheer from the water's edge. The lower portions, however, had been destroyed before the siege, and on their ruins was planted the Grand Battery. The walls formed an oblong, ascending the hill, with the principal tower, or governor's residence, at the upper angle. The remains of a mosque were still visible; as also those of a Saracenic court, and a tank or reservoir for water.

Ruins of Moorish edifices were discernible also on Windmill Hill, and at Europa. Those on the hill were in a condition which rendered it impossible to determine their original character; at Europa they have been converted by the Spaniards into a chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Fragments of Moorish walls run along the water's edge; and near Europa Advance is a Moorish bath, which our English soldiers named the Nuns' Well. It is sunk eight feet deep in the rock, and measures seventy-two feet by forty-two feet. Over it is an arcaded canopy, supported by graceful Saracenic columns.

In the hill are numerous caves and hollows, some natural, and some improved by the hand of man. Of the former the most considerable appears to be St. Michael's Cave, which lies on the south side, about eleven hundred feet above the sea-level. The remains of a strong wall are visible near this entrance, which is only five feet wide. On entering, the stranger finds himself in a considerable cavity, about two hundred feet in length, and ninety feet in breadth; and the light of his torch, if he penetrate into the interior, reveals the mouths of several other caves. From the roof depend stalactites of great size and curious shape, giving to the whole that character of Gothic architecture which is noticeable in all stalactic grottoes. There are also numerous stalagmites, which in some cases almost join the calcareous droppings from the roof, and appear to form supporting pillars.

Mr. Bartlett describes in some detail a visit which he paid to this remarkable cave. Accompanied by a guide with blue lights, he descended the slippery pathway between lofty pillars of stalactite, to find himself in a darkness visible, and in a silence so deep and still that the droppings of the water which filters through the roof above could be distinctly



THE LANDING-PLACE, AND REMAINS OF MOORISH CASTLE.
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heard as they fell at intervals on the rock beneath. The guide lighted a heap of brushwood, the blaze of which disclosed to view a lofty vault-shaped dome, supported as it were on columns of milk-white stalactite, not unlike the trunks of palm-trees, and a variety of fantastic foliage, some stretching down to the very floor of the cavern, others resting midway on rocky ledges and congealed calcareous masses, springing from the floor, "like the vestibule of some palace of the genii." At a given signal the blue lights were kindled, and the entire scene, which before had been but partially illuminated, flashed into sudden splendour ; hundreds of stalactites shone with a mysterious gleam ; the lofty columns, fantastically wrought, seemed suddenly converted into silver, as if by the wand of some magician. This revelation of the wonders of the cavern was but transient ; for the lights speedily burning down, Mr. Bartlett was forced to retire before he became involved in dangerous darkness. And this was the more necessary, in order to avoid a certain deep gloomy fissure, which forms the pathway into the unknown depths below. "While our eyes were endeavouring," says a traveller, "to penetrate a little further into its mysteries, I suddenly flung my torch into it.

The effect was beautiful : the torch blazed brightly as it fell, making for itself a sort of halo of glittering gems, as it lighted the walls of the gulf momentarily but beautiful. We tried this with all the torches it was safe to spare, for we were far from daylight, and then tossed fragments of rock and crystals, which echoed far in the depths, and fell we knew not where. It is supposed that the whole Rock is galleried in this way. Explorations have been attempted, and two soldiers once undertook to descend this very gulf. One only returned, however ; his comrade had disappeared for ever."

An ominous and gloomy character attaches to this chasm, and it has been supposed that more than one poor fellow has here met with foul play,—having been enticed by assassins on various pretences into the cave, and, after having been plundered, flung into this horrible gulf, as a place that tells no tales.

Not long before Mr. Bartlett's visit, a gentleman who was desirous of investigating into the penetralia of the cave, caused himself to be let down by ropes, bearing a light in his hand; but what was his horror, on his foot meeting with some resistance, to find that he was treading on a dead body, while his torch at the same time disclosed to him the livid features

of a murdered man! Another gentleman of Mr. Bartlett's acquaintance explored the windings of the cave for a distance of four hundred feet. The actual extent of the subterranean passages has never been ascertained, and exaggeration and popular fancy find in it a fertile subject; the vulgar believing that it is the mouth of a communication beneath the Strait with Mount Abyla, and that by this sub-oceanic passage the apes upon the Rock found their way from Africa. The Moors, it is said, had a complete knowledge of the interior of the cave; and a fancy has sometimes prevailed that through these subterranean windings an enemy might obtain admission into the fortress!

The reader may be reminded that Captain Hamley, in some of the amusing tales which he formerly contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, made good use of the Rock and its natural curiosities.*

In different parts of the hill may be found several other caves of the same description. One of these, called Pocoroca, was fitted up, at the beginning of the Great Siege, for the governor; but was afterwards converted into a powder-magazine, which proved greatly convenient for the batteries on the height.

* These are reprinted in "Tales from Blackwood."

The fossils discovered in various parts of the Rock rank among its curiosities ; but the visitor takes more interest in the apes which have colonized it. They breed in places inaccessible to man, and climb up and down the craggy precipices with wonderful celerity. The supposition is that they came from Barbary with the Saracens, as a similar species inhabit Mons Abyla, or, as it is popularly called, Apes' Hill. In former days red-legged partridges, woodcock, teal, and wild rabbits frequented the Rock, but these have almost wholly disappeared before the rifles of our English sportsmen.

Drinkwater records that eagles and vultures annually visited Gibraltar on their way into the Spanish interior ; and that the former bred among the precipices, and, with the hawk, might often be seen wheeling above its summit. The green lizard is still numerous ; and scorpions and other reptiles haunt the neighbourhood of the fissures and the crevices of the Rock. The climate on the whole is genial. Winter loses all its severity ; and the summer-heats are tempered by refreshing breezes from the sea. The worst inconvenience is the recurrence in December and January of violent thunderstorms, with gales, and heavy rains, almost tropical

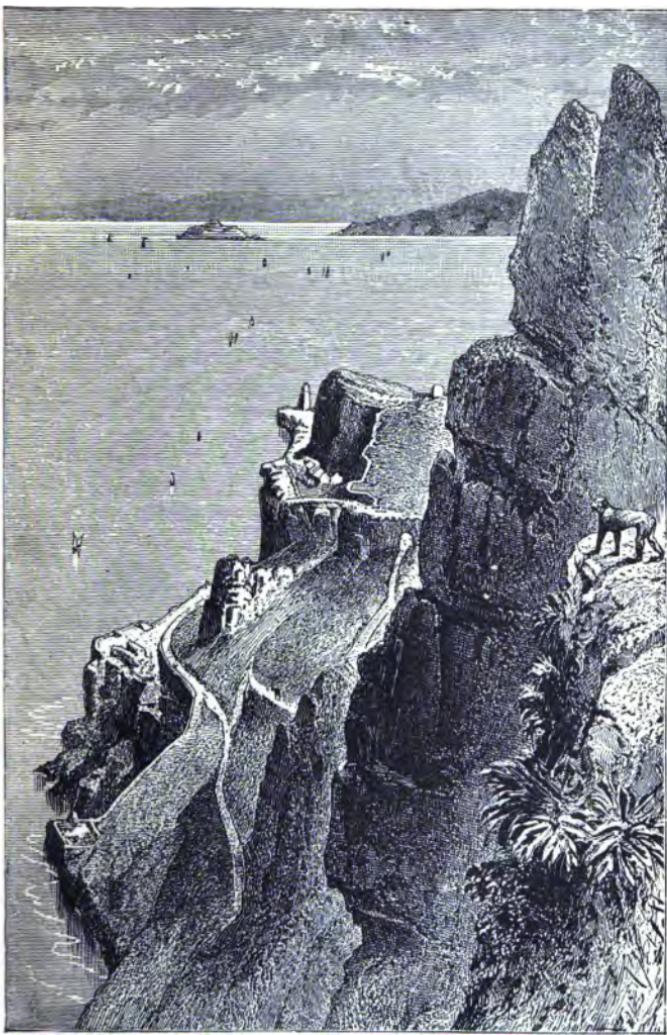
in their fury. Yet there is so little soil on the Rock, that the climatic advantages do not produce any abundant vegetable-growth. When the rains set in, wild grasses shoot up in the chinks and fissures ; but as soon as the sun reasserts its power, these disappear, and the eye rests only on bare, sombre, and sterile rock. The western slopes, however, present an agreeable contrast to the barrenness which everywhere else is dominant. There the vegetation, though dwarfed, is dense ; palmettos flourish, and lavender, and Spanish broom, while the rugged rock absolutely blooms with roses, periwinkles, and asphodels.

The view from the summit is perhaps sufficient to compensate for any deficiency of beauty in the Rock itself. The spectator stands there on the boundary, as it were, of the Old World, on the confines of two great continents. At his feet the low and narrow tongue of land, called Europa Point, stretches far into the sea, covered with bastions and casemates, intermingled with villas and gardens. To the west extends the undulating line of the Strait, with its waters of an intense blue, and beyond rises the rocky coast of Tarifa, while the mighty sweep of the Atlantic Ocean is lost in the western vapours.

On the right, the Mediterranean, of a pale azure, relieved by flashes and gleams of silver, beats in pearly foam against the very foot of the Rock ; opposite frown the dusky cliffs of Africa, with the white houses and dismantled fortifications of Ceuta, visible at the bottom of a vast bay, and the Mount Abyla of the ancients, that other "Pillar of Hercules," looking as if, in truth, a demigod had torn it from the Rock of Gibraltar, and planted the two huge fragments as gigantic landmarks at the extremity of the universe.

Bring your gaze back to nearer points, and on the right you see the graceful rounded outline of the sheltered Bay, associated with the names of Rodney, and Howe, and Nelson, and Collingwood, whose "tall ships" have so often rested upon its waters. Gibraltar stands on the one side, its harbour thronged with masts ; on the other, the small town of Algeciras lies on the slope of the hills, and bathes its feet in the warm, bright waves. In the curve shelters the village of San Roque, the first the traveller meets with on entering Spain ; nearer still, and in the rear, we see the thin sandy isthmus which links Gibraltar to the mainland. The division between English and Spanish territory is marked by a





EUROPA POINT.

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row of towers, and we can distinguish close at hand the tents of a small camp always occupied by a few regiments. Finally, the background of the picture, beyond San Roque, is filled in with the green mountains of Ronda; and towering above and behind these, the rose-tinted peaks of the Sierra Benneja, and the snowy summits of the Alpuxarras. It is difficult to conceive a grander spectacle.

We have thus endeavoured to furnish the reader with a general view of the Rock, and town, and fortifications of Gibraltar at the time that General Elliot assumed the governorship.

In 1777 the position of Great Britain was one of apparent peril, and her enemies were not without grounds for their belief that her power had received a mortal blow. Her North American colonies had seceded, and all her attempts to reduce them to obedience had failed, while her military prestige had been obscured by the surrender of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga. France had espoused the cause of the American States, whose ambassador had been received at Versailles with special distinction. The circumstances of the time seemed favourable to Spain to attempt a recovery of her coveted fortress; and

in June she issued a declaration of war. But instead of being cowed by this demonstration on the part of another enemy, the public spirit of England was roused to a fever of patriotism. The fleets of Spain and France rode in the Channel with as mighty a display as when Drake and his compeers launched their frigates against the Invincible Armada. To their sixty-six sail of the line, the British admiral, Sir Charles Hardy, could oppose only thirty-eight ; but with them he succeeded in preventing the enemy from landing an invading army. The chief attack of Spain, however, was directed against Gibraltar, and she cared little to expend her resources in any other direction.

At the outbreak of hostilities, General Elliot, the veteran governor of the Rock, found himself at the head of a garrison 5382 strong. He had 428 artillerymen and 106 engineers ; and as soon as he had been apprised of the possibility of war, had privately made preparations for defence. On the 21st of June, by order of the Spanish Court, communication between Spain and Gibraltar was closed ; and efforts were made to arrange for constant supplies of provisions from Barbary. Admiral Duff, at the

same time, brought his ships—a 60-gun man-of-war, three frigates, and a sloop—alongside the New Mole; the barriers were everywhere shut; and at all exposed points the guards were strengthened. Meanwhile, the enemy made no overt movement against the fortress; but it was observed that in various places they were collecting deposits of earth and other materials, and mounting new guns along their line of entrenchments. And in the course of July they assembled a powerful fleet in the Strait; while the camp was constantly being reinforced with additional regiments of cavalry and infantry.

Towards the middle of August the enemy succeeded in establishing a strict blockade, and it was conjectured that their object was to reduce the garrison by famine. Only forty head of cattle were in the place, and the vigilance of the Spanish cruisers interrupted the supplies from Barbary. Two bullocks, however, by the governor's order, were killed daily for the use of the sick. Due warning had been given to the inhabitants of the peril impending over them, and each person had been directed to have in store six months' provisions. By far the greater number this precaution had been neglected; and as they could not be supplied from the garrison

stores, most of them were compelled to quit Gibraltar and go elsewhere in quest of subsistence.

On the 12th of September some of the British batteries opened fire on the enemy, with the view of interrupting the workmen engaged in enlarging and pushing forward their fortifications; and for several days the firing was kept up, though with no particular vigour. In November the garrison began to experience the effects of scarcity, and provisions fetched the most extravagant prices. Mutton was 3s. and 3s. 6d. per lb.; veal, 4s.; pork, 2s. and 2s. 6d.; a pig's head fetched 19s., and ducks from 14s. to 18s. a couple; while a goose was prized at a guinea. Fish was not less dear, and vegetables were scarcely attainable "for love or money;" but bread, the staff of life, was the article most wanted. It was about this period, says Drinkwater, that the governor made trial what quantity of rice would suffice a single person for twenty-four hours, and for eight days he actually lived on four ounces of rice a day. General Elliot, however, was always remarkable for his abstemiousness of living, his general fare being vegetables, simple puddings, and water. He was not the less a robust and healthy man, capable of much hard work and exercise; but the scanty diet

just mentioned would certainly not suffice for a man working hard in a climate where the heat makes exhausting demands on the human frame.

On the 14th October occurred an episode which gives a striking idea of the courage and resources of the British seaman "of the olden time." About eight in the morning the look-outs discovered a small cutter, flying the British flag, coming down towards the Bay with a westerly wind. It proved to be the *Buck*, Captain Fagg, fitted out as a privateer, and carrying 24 nine-pounders. The Spaniards also sighted her, and made the usual signal for seeing an enemy, at Cabrita Point. Immediately, the Spanish admiral, with a ship of the line, a 50-gun ship, a 40-gun frigate, and some smaller craft, twenty-one in all, got under weigh to intercept this formidable foe! The *Buck*, nothing daunted, changed her course, and stood direct for the Barbary coast, speeding along at a gallant rate; while the Spanish frigate, xebecs, and lighter craft, unable to sail so closely to the wind, were carried downward by the strength of the current, like a squadron of huntsmen when baffled by the sudden doubling of a hare. When the Spanish admiral, who was last in the chase, became aware of this misadventure, he tacked,

wore round, and returned to the Point, so as to cut off the *Buck* in the Bay. The 50-gun ship also wore, and in this way checked her drift to leeward. Captain Fagg at this moment steered direct for the garrison. The 50-gun ship endeavoured to intercept her, but the batteries at Europa opened fire, and drove her off. Then the Spanish admiral bore down heavily from Cabrita Point, but the *Buck* nimbly manœuvred past her, and replied to a couple of irregular broadsides of shot and shell with her little stern-chase guns,—soon afterwards anchoring safely under the cannon of the Rock.

The privateer brought neither news nor supplies, and, indeed, was sadly in want of provisions. Yet the incident cheered the garrison greatly, for it showed that the Bay was still open to ships from England, if managed as skilfully and boldly as Captain Fagg's cutter.

We pass on to January 1780. On the 8th a Neapolitan vessel was wind-driven within range of the British guns, and compelled to surrender. She proved to be an argosy of great price, having on board about six thousand bushels of barley, than which nothing could have been more acceptable to

the garrison. The inhabitants had for some time been put upon a daily ration of bread, which was delivered by the baker, under the protection of sentries with fixed bayonets. Yet even this precaution did not prevent a scene of excitement daily; and in the struggling, pushing, heated crowd it was necessarily the strongest who gained the advantage,—forcing their way to the front, and frequently carrying off the portions that should have gone to feeble women and helpless children. Nor were the inhabitants the only sufferers. Many officers and soldiers had to support their families on the scanty dole allowed by the victualling-office; and a private, with his wife and three children, must have been starved, but for the assistance generously rendered by his comrades. It is recorded that one woman actually perished of hunger; others were reduced to such a condition of feebleness that it was with difficulty they were saved; and numbers eked out a wretched existence on wild leeks, thistles, dandelions, and the like.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and hunger sharpens the wits of needy men. Some Hanoverian soldiers, in their distress, were stimulated to devise a new process of chicken-hatching. The eggs were

placed, with some such warm substance as cotton or wool, in a tin case capable of being heated by a lamp or hot water ; and a proper temperature being maintained, they were hatched about as quickly as if a hen had sat upon them. A capon was then trained to rear the little ones ; and, to prepare him for this unusual duty, his breast and belly were stripped bare of feathers, and he was cruelly flagellated with a bunch of nettles. When placed upon the brood, they afforded so much warmth and comfort to his poor smarting body, that he addressed himself to the task of rearing them with considerable satisfaction.

On the 10th a soldier of the 58th Regiment was executed for stealing,—a sharp but necessary example.

On the 12th the monotony of the siege was interrupted by a discharge of ten shot from one of the Spanish forts. They did some slight damage to houses, and wounded a woman ; but their principal effect was to scare the inhabitants, who, fearing that a bombardment was about to commence, packed up their valuables, and made preparations for concealing themselves in all kinds of places. On the cessation of the firing, however, they regained courage.

On the 15th, wistful eyes looking out to seaward were rejoiced by the appearance of a brig carrying the British flag, which, regardless of the enemy's batteries, stood right into the Bay, and brought the glad intelligence that she was the forerunner of a large convoy which had sailed from England in December with ample supplies for the blockaded garrison. After the first emotions of surprise and pleasure had subsided, fresh apprehensions seized the wavering minds of the besieged. They concluded that the enemy could not fail to have obtained information of the approaching relief, and that they would be prepared to intercept it. The event proved, however, that the Spaniards had received no certain intelligence, and, concluding that the convoy would be escorted only by a small squadron, had despatched eleven men-of-war to make short work of it. But these were attacked by Admiral Sir George Rodney with a powerful fleet of twenty-one sail of the line, and driven into headlong flight. The British admiral also fell in with fifteen Spanish merchantmen, escorted by six ships of war, all of which he captured; and before the end of the month, with his prizes and transports, he dropped anchor in the Bay.

On board Sir George Rodney's fleet was a royal midshipman, the young Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. He was entrusted to the charge of Admiral Digby; and when, one morning, Don Juan Langara, the Spanish admiral, visited the British commander, he was introduced to the youthful prince. During the conference between the two admirals, Prince William Henry withdrew; and when it was announced that Don Juan wished to return to his own ship, the royal midshipman appeared, touched his hat, and intimated that the admiral's boat was ready. Whereupon, it is said, Don Juan exclaimed,—“Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the sea, when the humblest stations in her navy are supported by princes of the blood !”

For a time the garrison and inhabitants of Gibraltar enjoyed both peace and plenty. . The Spanish forces seemed to have abandoned their task; and a constant interchange of courtesies was maintained between their leaders and the British officers. On the 13th of February Sir George Rodney's fleet got under weigh, leaving behind two men-of-war, and a couple of frigates, and sailed for England; and

immediately afterwards the Spaniards renewed the blockade. About the middle of March, General Elliot found it necessary once more to regulate the issue of provisions, and gave directions that the garrison should be victualled monthly (bread excepted) in the following proportion:—For a soldier, each first and third week, 1 lb. of pork, $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of salt cod (which, by the way, proved very injurious, and caused the appearance of that terrible disorder, scurvy), 2 pints of pease, 1 lb. of flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of raisins, 1 lb. of rice, 5 oz. of butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint of oatmeal. Second and fourth week, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of beef, 2 lbs. of fish, 2 pints of pease, 1 lb. of rice, 5 oz. of butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of wheat, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of raisins. This, it must be owned, was but meagre fare.

In the month of June the Spaniards showed signs of prosecuting the siege with greater vigour, and made a bold attempt to destroy the vessels in the Bay with fire-ships. But the alarm being given, the *Panther*, a 60-gun man-of-war, and the other armed vessels, immediately opened a brisk cannonade to check their progress; and springing into their boats, the officers and seamen, with characteristic vigour, grappled the blazing ships. The flames raged fiercely, but our sailors, nothing daunted,

towed them under the British guns, where they were soon destroyed.

The blockade increasing in severity, both the garrison and inhabitants felt the pressure of want, and provisions were once more selling at almost fabulous prices. Such vessels as escaped the enemy's cruisers were chiefly loaded with "luxuries" rather than "substantialis;" but a cargo of fruit which arrived in October proved of inestimable value in checking the ravages of scurvy, a disease that at one time threatened to prove much more destructive to the garrison than the enemy's fire.

In March 1781 the want of bread was severely experienced, many families having received none for several days, and biscuit-crumbs selling for tenpence and one shilling per pound. Fresh meat and fish were equally scarce and equally dear. The dietary of the garrison was reduced to the barest necessities; and the distress which the women and children must have undergone may be inferred from the nature of the weekly allowance to each soldier, which was— $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of bread, 13 oz. of salt beef and 18 oz. of pork (both almost putrid), $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of rancid butter, 12 oz. of raisins, half a pint of pease, a pint of Spanish beans, a pint of wheat (which was ground

into flour for puddings), 4 oz of rice, and quarter of a pint of oil.

Great, therefore, was the joy of the besieged when, on the 12th of April, a convoy of nearly one hundred vessels arrived from England, escorted by a strong fleet under Admiral Darby. The historian of the siege, in describing this event, soars almost into the region of poetry. "At daybreak," he says, "the much-expected fleet, under the command of Admiral Darby, was in sight from our signal-house, but was not discernible from below, being obscured by a thick mist in the Gut. As the sun, however, became more powerful, this fog gradually rose, like the curtain of a vast theatre, discovering to the anxious garrison *one of the most beautiful and pleasing scenes it is possible to conceive.* The convoy, consisting of near a hundred vessels, was in a compact body, led by several men-of-war, their sails just enough filled for steerage; whilst the majority of the line-of-battle ships lay-to under the Barbary shore, having orders not to enter the Bay, lest the enemy should molest them with their fire-ships. The ecstasies of the inhabitants at this grand and exhilarating sight are not to be described. Their expressions of joy far exceeded their former

exultations. But, alas! they little dreamed of the tremendous blow that impended, which was to annihilate their property and reduce many of them to indigence and beggary."

As the convoy drew near, a squadron of fifteen gun-boats advanced from Algesiras, and, assembling in regular array under the batteries at Cabrita Point, opened a smart fire on the nearest ships, supported by the gun and mortar batteries on the land; but they were soon compelled, by an English line-of-battle ship and a couple of frigates, to effect a precipitate retreat.

This second relief of the garrison stung the Spaniards into the adoption of a measure which had little value in a military sense, but inflicted a large amount of suffering on the inhabitants of the town of Gibraltar. The convoy had scarcely anchored, when they bombarded the town and fortifications with sixty-four heavy guns and fifty mortars. The unfortunate inhabitants, who were busily congratulating each other on the arrival of the fleet, exchanged their exultation for sorrow, and fled in the greatest confusion—old and young, men, women, and children—to the southward, abandoning their property to

the mercy of the soldiers. Soon after noon the firing ceased, and the inhabitants hastened to secure such valuables as could be easily removed; but those bulkier articles which "the avaricious and hard-hearted hucksters" had concealed in their stores, to retail in small quantities at exorbitant prices, were all destroyed.

About five o'clock the hostile batteries reopened, and their storm of shot and shell was continued uninterruptedly; without interfering, however, with the disembarkation of the supplies. Several soldiers were killed and wounded in their quarters on the 13th. The Spaniards being accustomed to indulge themselves with a siesta in the middle of the day, the garrison and inhabitants enjoyed an interval of peace every noon; otherwise, the roar of the guns and the hiss of the rapid missiles made day and night equally hideous.

On the evening of the 14th, says Drinkwater, the enemy's shells were very profusely distributed; some that did not burst were examined, and on the fuse being drawn it was found that inflammable matter had been mixed with the powder. These combustibles set on fire a wine-house near the Spanish church, and before the conflagration could

be extinguished four or five houses were burned to the ground. Detachments of infantry were sent to quench the flames, but the enemy's cannonade became so brisk that great confusion ensued. From this disaster may be dated the irregularities into which, through the combined influence of drink and resentment, many of the soldiers fell. Some died of intoxication on the spot, and others were with difficulty recovered.

"Though riot and violence," continues Drinkwater, "are most contrary to that spirit of regular discipline which should always prevail in military affairs, something may yet be urged in extenuation of the conduct of the troops. The extreme distress to which they had been reduced by the mercenary conduct of the hucksters and liquor-dealers, in hoarding, or rather concealing their stocks, to enhance the price of what was exposed for sale, raised amongst the troops (when they discovered the great quantities of various articles in the private stores) a spirit of revenge. The first and second days they conducted themselves with great propriety; but on the eve of the third day their discipline was over-powered by their inebriation, and from that instant, regardless of punishment or the entreaties of their

officers, they were guilty of many and great excesses. The enemy's shells soon forced open the secret recesses of the merchants, and the soldiers instantly availed themselves of the opportunity to seize upon the liquors, which they conveyed to haunts of their own. There, in parties, they barricaded their quarters against all opposers, and, insensible of their danger, regaled themselves with the spoils. Several skirmishes occurred amongst them, which, if not seasonably put a stop to by the interference of officers, might have ended in serious consequences."

Such is life in a beleaguered town! There is something more to be feared than the attacks of external enemies, and that is, the irregularities within; the outbursts of a spirit of military insubordination, and the follies and crimes of the non-combatants,—all adding to the anxiety and increasing the responsibility of the military and civil authorities. At Gibraltar the entire burden rested on the shoulders of General Elliot,—who bore it, however, with inflexible calmness and resolute patience, tempering justice with mercy, but not fearing to strike heavily when it was necessary for the common safety.

The bombardment continued briskly, and casual-

ties occurred daily. On the 21st, the besieged counted forty-two rounds in a couple of minutes! The garrison flag-staff was so much damaged that the upper part had to be cut off; but the shot-torn colours were *nailed* to the stump. From the enemy's gun and mortar boats on the 23rd, two hundred and sixty shot and forty shells were discharged. The wife of a soldier was killed behind the South Barracks. The relaxation of discipline among the soldiers had become so alarming that, on the 26th, General Elliot issued orders, which were strictly carried out, that any soldier found drunk or asleep on his post, or plundering, should be executed. Everybody's spirits were raised on the 27th by the arrival of twenty ships with provisions from Minorca; and this encouragement was sorely needed at a time when the garrison was harassed not only by fire but water—the rains falling heavily, and thunderstorms being of frequent occurrence. It was awful to hear the reverberating peal mingling with the roar of cannon, and to see the smoke-clouds of battle pierced by the lurid arrows of the lightning.

It must not be supposed that the English endured the enemy's bombardment in silence. The guns of the Rock were plied at times with equal alacrity

and effect; but the prudent general would not allow his men to waste their shot and powder, and they fired only when the enemy were well within range. On the morning of May the 7th, the gun and mortar boats opened upon the town and the New Mole for about an hour. The garrison replied with four hundred rounds, at which the governor was much displeased. "There would be no end," said he, "of expending ammunition, if we fired every time they came, and while they were at so great a distance."

Among the incidents which marked the history of the siege within the walls, we may mention that, on one occasion, a Hanoverian and some other ill-disposed fellows were detected in plundering a store. They were given in charge to a sentry; but the Hanoverian attempted to escape. "Halt!" cried the sentry, "or I'll fire!" The marauder continuing his flight, the sentry carried out his threat, and the man fell dead on the spot. A soldier of the 58th was, on another occasion, hung at the door of the store in his robbery of which he had been surprised. On the 9th, an officer lost his leg by a shot. The remarkable feature of this occurrence was, that the wounded man saw the shot coming

on its fatal errand, but was so fascinated by it that he could not move out of the way. A shell fell into a house in which fifteen or sixteen persons were huddled together ; all escaped except a child, whose mother had been killed by a shell only a few days before. A soldier, rambling about the town, came upon a store of watches and other valuable articles, among the ruins of a house, and hastened to take possession of them. Then arose the puzzling question, What should he do with this treasure-trove? To convey them to his quarters was impossible, as every one was examined on his return from duty. The expedient to which he finally resorted was very curious. He took out the wad of a gun on the King's Bastion, and tying his prize in his pocket-handkerchief, secreted it in the bore of the gun as far as he could reach; afterwards replacing the wad. In the piping times of peace a better repository could hardly have been invented ; but it happened that on this same evening, while the marauder lay asleep in his casemate, the hostile gunboats approached, and fire was vigorously opened upon them. One of the first guns discharged was that which contained the soldier's ill-gotten wealth, and all his visions of future greatness were dissipated in a moment !

The incessant bombardment had, of course, a ruinous effect upon the town. Scarcely any of the houses north of the Grand Parade were inhabitable; all of them were deserted. The families of some of the soldiers lingered still in a few near South-port; but even of these only the walls remained standing. The governor and lieutenant-governor, however, maintained their quarters,—men being kept constantly employed in repairing the damage done by shot or shell. But the general aspect of the town was most pitiful; the streets were solitary, and instead of the hum of voices one heard only the whirr of shot and the rush and explosion of shells.

On the 9th of June, the garrison was aroused by the blowing-up of one of the Spanish magazines. The effect was that of a continual roll of fire, like repeated volleys of musketry, which led the besieged to conjecture that the accident had befallen their repository for fixed ammunition and live shells. Their drums immediately beat to arms; and the entire force, numbering thirteen battalions of infantry, besides cavalry, paraded in front of the camp. It was thought that the enemy by this disaster must have suffered severely in men as well as munitions.

The British batteries, though constantly repaired, were much damaged by the incessant fire; and the enemy's shot frequently drove through seven solid feet of sandbag-work. As an additional protection, strong wooden caissons were constructed; filled in compactly with clay, and covered in front and on the top with junk cut in lengths for the purpose. These proved very effectual. The bombardment was not wholly without profit to the besieged; for it directed their attention to the weak points of their fortifications, which were immediately strengthened, until they were rendered virtually impregnable.

The monotony of the siege—and all soldiers agree that a siege, with its daily round of duties, and its continuous roar of cannon, becomes in time distressingly wearisome from its lack of variety—was interrupted on the 7th July by another lively episode of British seamanship. At early morn the Spaniards at Cabrita Point were observed signalling that an enemy was in sight; and when the mists dispersed, the English themselves could see a vessel becalmed at a considerable distance, but rowing, with the current, towards the beleaguered Rock. Fourteen gunboats had put out from Algesiras to

cut her off; whereupon Captain Curtis, of the *Brilliant* man-of-war, ordered Sir Charles Knowles, with three barges, to endeavour to get alongside and receive any despatches she might have on board, while he himself towed out a couple of prams to cover and protect her. Sir Charles's errand was soon accomplished, and he returned with letters for the governor. By this time the vessel, an English sloop-of-war, was within a league and a half of the garrison, but the headmost Spanish gunboat had got up within range, and hurled at her a torrent of round and grape shot, which was followed by rapid discharges from her consorts. The *Helma*, Captain Roberts, carried only fourteen small guns; but her crew handled them gallantly, and poured in volleys of fire from the quarter-deck. So unequal a contest, it was thought, could have but one, and that a disastrous, issue; the English sloop was lying becalmed, a league from the Rock, with fourteen gunboats, well-manned, and each mounted with a twenty-six pounder, crashing into her timbers repeated avalanches of grape shot and round shot. Captain Roberts, however, showed no signs of yielding, and maintained a steady and well-directed, if not a heavy fire. Had the calm lasted, he would

probably have sunk rather than have surrendered ; but happily a westerly breeze sprung up, and, rippling across the waves, soon filled his canvas, and carried him and his gallant crew into safety. The loss of the *Helma*, notwithstanding the tremendous fire to which she had been exposed, was only one man killed and two men wounded, but her upper rigging and sails were much torn by the shot. Had the gunboats been well handled, it is difficult to believe that she could have escaped ; but the inferior gunnery of the Spaniards was proved on many occasions during the war.

The bombardment for some weeks had gradually slackened, and by this time was reduced to a discharge of three shells in twenty-four hours ; which the English soldiers, from an idea that the Spaniards intended by the number some allusion to the Trinity, with much more profanity than humour named *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*. Captain Drinkwater gravely observes that probably the Spaniards *might* entertain a bigoted respect for that mystical number, and, remembering the heretical condition of the English, might apprehend some efficacy from it in the great work of “converting the garrison to the Catholic faith ;” an attempt at jocosity not much

more successful than that of the soldiers! Uncle Toby, in Sterne's great fiction, tells us that "our army swore terribly in Flanders." There seems good reason to believe that they swore terribly and acted vilely in Gibraltar. A wide chasm separates the British soldiers of to-day from the British soldiers of yesterday. They were then recruited from the lowest classes, the scum and refuse of society, the outpourings of our jails, and it was with difficulty that even a terribly rigid discipline kept them in order. They were ill-fed, ill-paid, ill-treated; and their moral character was of the very lowest. But to-day the soldier is thoughtfully cared for, not only as regards his material but his moral and intellectual wants. Hence the ranks of our army now include a large proportion of respectable young men, who are aware that good conduct will place great prizes within their reach. The only bonds between them and their predecessors are those of loyalty and courage. The soldiers of Napier who stormed Magdala are as eminent for their courage and faithfulness as were those of Elliot who defended Gibraltar. In these virtues they could not surpass their predecessors; but in all other respects they are unquestionably above them.

An incident occurred on the 27th which is worth recording. During an attack made by the gun and mortar boats, a shell burst within the hospital and killed an artillerist. Some time before, this man, a very gallant fellow, had broken his thigh; his active spirit was ill able to endure the confinement his case rendered necessary, and he tottered abroad in order to enjoy the fresh air in the hospital court. Unfortunately, in one of his lively moods he fell, and was compelled to take to his bed again. He was lying there when a shell from the mortar boats crashed into the ward, and rebounding, lodged upon him. The invalids and convalescents in the same room contrived, by vigorous exertions, to crawl out on hands and knees, while the fuse was burning; but the unfortunate artillerist was kept down by the weight of the shell, which after some seconds exploded, tore off both his legs, and scorched him piteously. Strange to say, he survived the shock, and was sensible up to the moment that death relieved him from his agony. His last words were a regret that he had not died on the batteries, "with his face to the foe," as all true soldiers wish.

A few days later a shell wounded a private of the

73rd ; that is, he was knocked down by the wind of it ; and the shell, instantly bursting, killed a soldier standing close by, and mangled most terribly the hero of our anecdote. His head was fractured, his left arm broken in two places, one of his legs shattered, the skin and muscles of part of his right hand torn off, the middle finger crushed, and his whole body most severely bruised. In a word, the man was reduced to a bleeding and mutilated mass of flesh, and his recovery seemed hopeless. The surgeons who took charge of him were at a loss to which injury they should first give their attention. That evening, however, he was trepanned ; a few days afterwards his leg was amputated. All his wounds and fractures were carefully dressed, and, thanks, it may be supposed, to a wonderfully robust constitution, as well as to the skill of his medical attendants, his cure was completely effected. His name, adds the historian, is Donald Ross ; and he long continued to enjoy His Majesty's bounty in the shape of a pension of ninepence a day. " Ninepence a day," however, seems but poor payment for a trepanned skull, an amputated leg, and a shattered right hand !

The enemy, by this time, had completed the

construction of an advanced range of batteries, which, in spite of the continual fire of the garrison, assumed a threatening aspect. They rolled a storm of shot and shell upon the British works, doing serious execution; and the strength and energies of the defenders were severely taxed. A battery named St. Carlos was especially annoying, from its position, and the heavy ordnance with which it was mounted. Acting on information which he obtained from two deserters, General Elliot determined on an attempt to destroy it. He formed his plans with the secrecy and deliberation characteristic of the man, and communicated them to no one until the hour fixed for their execution. On the evening of the 26th of November, as the gates were shut after first gun-fire, he assembled on the Red-sands, now called the Alameda, a detachment consisting of a couple of regiments, the grenadiers and light infantry from the other regiments, one hundred artillery, and two hundred workmen (or sappers and miners, as we now call them),—in all, about 2074 men, with 99 officers, and 147 non-commissioned officers. Each private carried thirty-six rounds of ammunition, and “a good flint in his piece, with another in his pocket.” In those days rifled guns,

Sniders, and Martini-Henrys had not been dreamed of ; and the British musket was a cumbrous weapon, in which the charge was ignited by a spark from a flint.

The officers having received their instructions, the whole force, with one hundred sailors from the ships in the Bay, assembled under the command of Brigadier Ross, and being divided into three columns, armed with fire-fagots and other implements, advanced, under cover of the darkness, against the enemy's batteries. In the deepest silence they marched under the dark shadow of the Rock ; but, in spite of all their precautions, the right column was seen and challenged by the Spanish sentinels, who instantly fired. The officer in command, forming his attacking corps, dashed forward at a brisk pace for the extremity of the parallel, which he entered without opposition, and began to dismantle. Part of Hardenberg's regiment in the darkness mistook their way, and found themselves, before they discovered their error, in front of the terrible St. Carlos battery. Satisfied with the object before them, they rushed at it, cheering, mounted the parapet, and flung themselves into the middle of the works. There was no resource for the Spaniards,

in the presence of men so determined, but to retreat ; which they did, without loss of time. The central and left columns were equally successful ; for Elliot's warriors were men of a very resolute temper, and having made up their minds to carry the Spanish batteries, what could the Spaniards do but let them have their way ! The British commanders then re-formed their ranks, while the pioneers and artillery-men proceeded to do *their* duty.

The batteries were soon prepared for the operation of the fire-fagots, and these being ignited, the flames spread rapidly in every direction. The whole line of works soon presented one vast mass of fire and lurid smoke, which threw its glare over the Rock, was reflected in the waters of the Bay, and revealed every object in the vicinity.

Their task thus successfully accomplished, the British soldiers prepared to regain their own lines. Such had been their dash and courage that the Spaniards, though at a short distance they had one hundred and thirty-five guns mounted, seemed stricken with a panic, and made no effort to impede their operations. Thus, in a single hour the British were able to reduce to ruins the labours of many weeks. The event "challenges greater admiration," says

Drinkwater, "when we reflect that the batteries were distant near three-quarters of a mile from the garrison, and only within a few hundred yards of a besieging enemy's lines." There can be no doubt that the achievement was a brilliant one ; the *coup de main* was well conceived, and well executed, with but a trifling loss of life. Only five men were killed; the wounded and missing did not exceed twenty-five. Altogether, it served to show the Spaniards of what sort of stuff the British soldier was made.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FLOATING BATTERIES.

HE blow so suddenly and effectually levelled at the Spaniards seems for a time to have paralyzed their energies. But about the beginning of December they recovered themselves to some extent, and the besieged could see a large body of their men busily engaged in making fascines, with a view to the reconstruction of their batteries. It was also ascertained that the allied Governments of France and Spain had determined upon concentrating in front of Gibraltar a force which should render resistance impossible ; that several French regiments were to be despatched to the assistance of the besieging army ; and the conduct of the operations entrusted to the Duke of Crillon, who had recently gained a high reputation by his conquest of Minorca.

Meantime, General Elliot and his officers main-

tained their composure. Every precaution was taken against surprise ; and the weak points of the fortifications, as indicated by the enemy's fire, were assiduously strengthened.

But before resuming our narrative of the siege, we must pause to record an example of that generous courtesy which sometimes relieves the horrors of war. Among the Spanish officers taken prisoner was one Baron von Helmstadt, an ensign in the Walloon Guards. He was dangerously wounded in the knee, and when the English surgeons informed him that amputation was necessary, he resolutely refused to submit to it. The operation, he said, was seldom successful in Spain ; and for himself, he was then engaged to be married to a lady, and would rather risk his life than present himself before his betrothed in a mutilated condition. Apprised of this dangerous effusion of a false sentiment, General Elliot visited the baron, and used every argument to dissuade him from adhering to so rash a determination. His lady-love, said the general, very sensibly, would not esteem him the less for having received an honourable wound in the service of his country. As to the operation being fatal, he could assure him that the contrary

was the case ; he knew that the English surgeons were almost always successful ; and, for his better assurance, he introduced into his chamber several "mutilated convalescents." The governor's generous attention had so great an influence on the baron, that he consented to the operation, which was performed with great skill, and resulted most favourably. As the baron's lady-love would doubtless have considered a lover with one leg better than no lover at all, we are convinced she would often have blessed General Elliot for his chivalrous interposition, but that, unfortunately, the baron afterwards died of some internal disease.

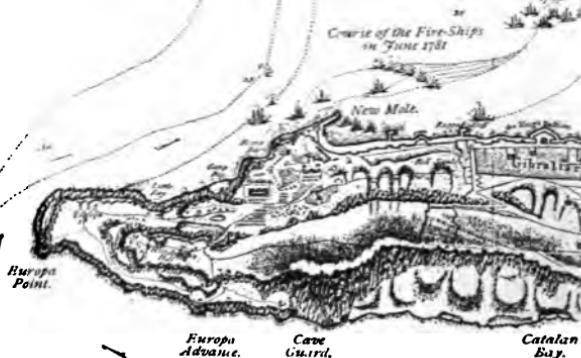
The New-Year's Day of 1782, says our historian, was remarkable for an action of gallantry which is worthy of being rescued from oblivion. An officer of artillery at one of the batteries observing a shell whizzing its way towards his post, got behind a traverse for protection. This he had scarcely done before the shell fell into the traverse, and instantly entangled him in the rubbish. A soldier named Martin, seeing his distress, bravely risked his own life to save his officer, and ran to extricate him. His efforts proving useless, he called for assistance ; and another soldier joining him, they succeeded in



MAP OF GIBRALTAR

AT THE TIME OF
THE GREAT SIEGE.

(From an Old Engraving.)



M E D I T E R R A N E A N S E A





extricating their officer. Almost at the same moment the shell burst, and levelled the traverse to the ground. For this courageous action, Martin was deservedly rewarded and promoted.

The defenders of the Rock now watched with intense interest the preparations of the enemy, in whose lines the greatest activity was visible. They could note the almost daily arrival of fresh troops, until the whole shore of the Bay, from Carteia to the heights of San Roque, was covered with tents. Thousands of workmen, under cover of night, pushed the approaches nearer and nearer to the beleaguered fortress. Heavy guns bristled from every point of vantage, and hour after hour poured out their fell contents of shot and shell. It was obvious, too, that the huge men-of-war at Algesiras were being equipped as batteries of a new and formidable character. The eagerness of the besiegers was stimulated by the arrival in their camp of two French princes of the blood, the Count of Artois and the Duke of Bourbon; the enemies of Great Britain everywhere turned their attention towards the great fortress which, as they confidently believed, would soon cease to be occupied by her soldiers.

It may not be uninteresting if we borrow from Captain Drinkwater's pages a record of the operations of a few days, with the view of giving the reader some idea of the incidents which characterize the course of a great siege :—

The 1st of March, he says, a flag of truce went to the enemy, in answer to one from them some days before. The Spanish officer who received the packet informed us that Fort St. Philip, in Minorca, had surrendered on the 5th of February. The succeeding day, a "carcass" set fire to the enemy's 13-gun battery, which continued blazing for two hours. On their attempting to extinguish the fire, we plied them so briskly, that several were killed and most of them driven from their work ; but their usual gallantry at last prevailed. This is an honourable tribute to an enemy who fought with considerable courage and perseverance.

At night they raised a *place d'armes* at the western extremity of their 13-gun battery; these defensive works demonstrating that they were determined to provide as much as possible against another sortie. The following night they repaired the damage done by the fire. The carpenters of the navy, on the 4th, laid the keel of one of the new gun-

boats. The 6th, six rows of tents, ten in each row, were pitched in the rear of the second line of the enemy's camp, near the horse-barrack. A large party was also employed in making a road from the beach to the barrack, and others were engaged in landing shells and different ordnance. These, with other appearances, showed that the enemy were in earnest in their prosecution of the siege.

On the other hand, General Elliot unweariedly engaged the garrison in repairing, and putting in the best order of defence, the upper batteries and other works which had suffered from the storm of fire directed against them.

On the 8th, the enemy raised one face of the eastern redoubt several fascines in height. The day following, Lieutenant Cuppage, of the Royal Artillery, was dangerously wounded on the Royal battery, from a splinter of a small shell, which burst immediately after being discharged from the rock gun above and in the rear of the Royal battery ; this was the second accident of the same nature. On the 11th a frigate and xebec passed to the west, with six topsail vessels, supposed to be part of the late Minorca garrison. On the night of the 13th the enemy traced out a work within the western *place d'armes* of the

St. Carlos Battery, apparently with an intention of extending the epaulement. The firing on both sides was now considerably increased; that from the enemy amounted to about five hundred rounds in the twenty-four hours.

In the course of the 25th a shot drove through the embrasures of one of the British batteries, took off the legs of two men, one leg of another, and wounded a fourth man in both legs; so that "four men had seven legs taken off and wounded by one shot." The boy who was usually posted on the works where a large party was employed, to inform the men when the enemy were directing their guns towards them, had been chiding them for their disregard of his warnings, and had just turned his head towards the hostile lines, when he observed this shot on its dreadful path, and called to them to beware. Unfortunately, his caution was too late; the shot entered the embrasure, with the fatal result we have described. It is strange that this boy should have been so keen-sighted as to distinguish the enemy's shot almost immediately after it quitted the gun. But another boy in the garrison possessed an equal, if not a superior sharpness of vision.

Passing on to the 11th of April, we find that on

that day the garrison obtained information as to the exact nature of the preparations which were being made for conquering their stubborn resistance. They learned that the Duke of Crillon was in command, with twenty thousand French and Spanish troops, in addition to those who had previously formed the besieging force ; that the besieging operations were directed by Monsieur d'Arçon, an eminent French engineer ; and that Admiral Don Buonaventura Moreno was prepared to support the attack with ten men-of-war, besides gunboats, mortar boats, floating batteries, and other vessels. Next day the enemy's cannonade was of a peculiar character; from six in the morning until sunset a single gun or mortar was discharged every two or three minutes. Our British soldiers remarked that, as the day was the anniversary of the bombardment, the Spaniards were probably keeping it with prayer and fasting, and the minute-guns were intended to express their sorrow at the expenditure during the past twelvemonth of so many barrels of powder and rounds of cartridges without any result !

On the 28th of May the enemy sent in a flag of truce. Before the object of it was known, the governor remarked to the officers near him that

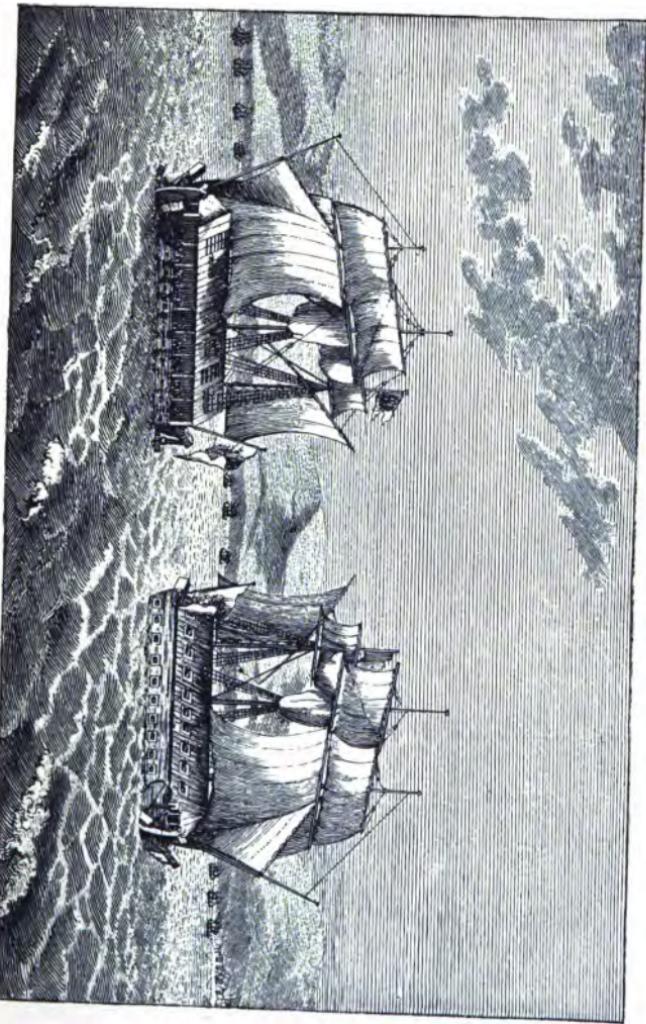
he supposed the duke had arrived, and had sent to summon the garrison to surrender. His reply, he said, would be brief, "No—no;" and he hoped his officers would support him. The summons, however, was not made, and the laconic answer, therefore, was not given. But it is due to the Duke of Crillon to record his courtesy. He wrote to General Elliot to acquaint him with the arrival of the French prince, and in their name to express their high estimation of his courage and character. The letter was accompanied by a present of fresh fruits and vegetables, with ice, game, and other luxuries for the use of his staff. He knew, said the duke, that the governor lived wholly upon vegetables, and if informed of the description he preferred, he would furnish a daily supply. The governor replied in suitable terms; but while accepting the Spanish commander's gifts, begged of him to send no more, as he made it a point of honour to share with the meanest of his fellow-soldiers both want and plenty.

In planning a combined attack by land and sea upon the Rock, the besiegers felt it was necessary to guard against the destruction of the naval force by the batteries of the fortress before it could get near enough to render any service. But how was the

fire of the English guns to be silenced? It occurred to M. d'Arçon that what was wanted was a number of fireproof batteries, which could take up and maintain a position in the Bay, regardless of the cannonade delivered against them by the garrison. In the construction of these floating castles M. d'Arçon exhausted all his ingenuity. There were ten of them, each armed with fifteen heavy guns, and their structure was as follows:—On the larboard side they were six or seven feet thick, made of green timber, bolted and cased with cork, iron, and raw hides. Inside they were lined with a bed of wet sand, and in case they should nevertheless take fire, currents of water were poured through them by a system of pumps and channels, so that, should any red-hot shot pierce the vessel and open up any one of the ducts, the water would pour forth instantly and extinguish the flames. As an additional protection, each tower was covered with a slanting bomb-proof roof, capable of being raised or lowered at pleasure, by means of machinery, from which, it was calculated, the balls would glide harmlessly into the sea. In fact, the devices for the protection of the besiegers seem to have been more numerous and more skilful than those for the attack of the besieged. We

must add that these ponderous floating batteries were masted and rigged, so as to sail like frigates.

It must not be thought that General Elliot had made no provision against the coming storm. He was a man fertile in expedients, and it would appear that his engineer-officers were as able as they were zealous ; so that at all the exposed points new works of great strength were thrown up, and the fortifications were everywhere repaired and put in order. A fleet of gunboats was got ready in the Bay ; a body of Corsicans, under the leadership of a nephew of the celebrated Paoli, had arrived to offer their services ; and some vessels loaded with ammunition had run the blockade, and refilled the magazines of the fortress. The garrison reposed the most absolute confidence in their commander, and after so protracted a siege had come to think of themselves as invincible. Nor was their confidence lessened by the news which reached them of Admiral Rodney's great victory over a French fleet in the West Indies. For some time the governor had looked on very calmly at the new works raised by the Spaniards across the isthmus and along the shore, but as they had been pushed forward to an inconvenient position, he thought the moment had come for administering



LARBOARD AND STARBOARD SIDES OF A SPANISH BATTERING-SHIP.
(From an Old Engraving.)

Page 70.



a stern rebuke. He therefore opened upon them a cannonade of red-hot shot, which in a few hours involved the greater portion in flames.

This contemptuous demonstration so annoyed the Duke of Crillon, that, though his lines were incomplete, he ordered a general bombardment. It began with a volley of about sixty shells from the mortar boats; then all his artillery, numbering one hundred and seventy pieces of heavy calibre, joined in the *feu d'enfer*; while nine line-of-battle ships hurled their broadsides as they sailed along the sea-front. The attack was repeated on the following day, in the hope apparently of terrifying the garrison by revealing the formidable nature of the preparations made for their destruction. While the air echoed with the hurtling missiles, the astonished soldiers saw through the occasional gaps in the smoke-clouds a vast press of sail coming up from the westward; it proved to be the combined fleets of France and Spain. Such an accumulation of force, by land and sea, could not fail to surprise, though it did not alarm, Elliot and his veterans. The armada, beneath which, to use the expression of an old poet, "the waters groaned," consisted of 47 sail of the line, and 10 battering-ships, regarded

as impregnable and invincible, carrying 212 guns, besides frigates, xebecs, bomb-ketches, cutters, gun and mortar boats, and smaller craft for disembarking men. On the land-side the batteries and works were of the most formidable character, mounting 200 pieces of heavy ordnance, and protected by an army of nearly 40,000 men, under the command of a general of experience and ability, and animated by the presence of two princes of the royal blood of France, with other eminent personages, and many of the Spanish grandees. No such naval and military combination had been attempted in Europe since the days of the Armada; and it was not unnatural that the Spaniards should anticipate from it a decisive triumph. They seem, however, to have put their faith more particularly in the battering-ships; and so great an enthusiasm was excited, that to hint at their possible failure was considered a mark of treason.

General Elliot was in nowise shaken from his usual calmness by this tremendous display of force. His garrison at this time (September 1782) numbered about 7500 men, of whom 400 were in hospital. These he distributed so as to guard most efficiently the points at which the enemy's attack would probably

be delivered. The fortifications were carefully examined, and additional works erected wherever they could be of service. Though the Spaniards poured on the garrison an incessant storm of shot and shell, the governor, in order to husband his resources, permitted but little firing in return, except when it was necessary to silence or destroy some particular battery. The troops under his command were few in number, it is true, but they were veterans, inured to war, who had been long accustomed to the effects of artillery, and gradually prepared to meet the supreme ordeal that now awaited them. His subordinates were officers of approved courage, intelligence, and discretion; eminent "for all the accomplishments of their profession," and enjoying the entire confidence of the men under their orders. And the spirits of all were animated by the ease with which former attacks had been defeated, as well as by the success attending some recent experiments of firing red-hot shot, which, on this occasion, would enable them, they hoped, "to bring their labours to a period, and relieve them from the tedious cruelty of another vexatious blockade."

In critical circumstances, men, the sagest and coolest, are apt to be influenced by trivial incidents,

which they convert into good or evil omens; and such is especially the case when life and liberty are the stakes for which they are about to contend. As the British soldiers, from the summit of their famous Rock, looked out upon the crowd of masts which gathered in the Bay, it was generally reported among them that their arrival was occasioned by the pressure of a British fleet in hot pursuit. Suddenly a loud cheer was raised, and all exclaimed that the British admiral was certainly in their rear, as a flag for a fleet in sight was waving, they said, from the Signal-post. Hope beamed radiant on every countenance; but a revulsion succeeded when the signal suddenly disappeared. The guard at the signal-station afterwards informed them that the supposed flag was really *an eagle*, which, after several evolutions, had perched for a few minutes on the westernmost pole, and then spread its broad wings to the eastward. Though less superstitious, says the historian gravely, than the ancient Romans, many could not help accepting it as a favourable omen; and the prognostication, happily, was fully justified by the events of the succeeding day.

The grand attack took place on the 13th of

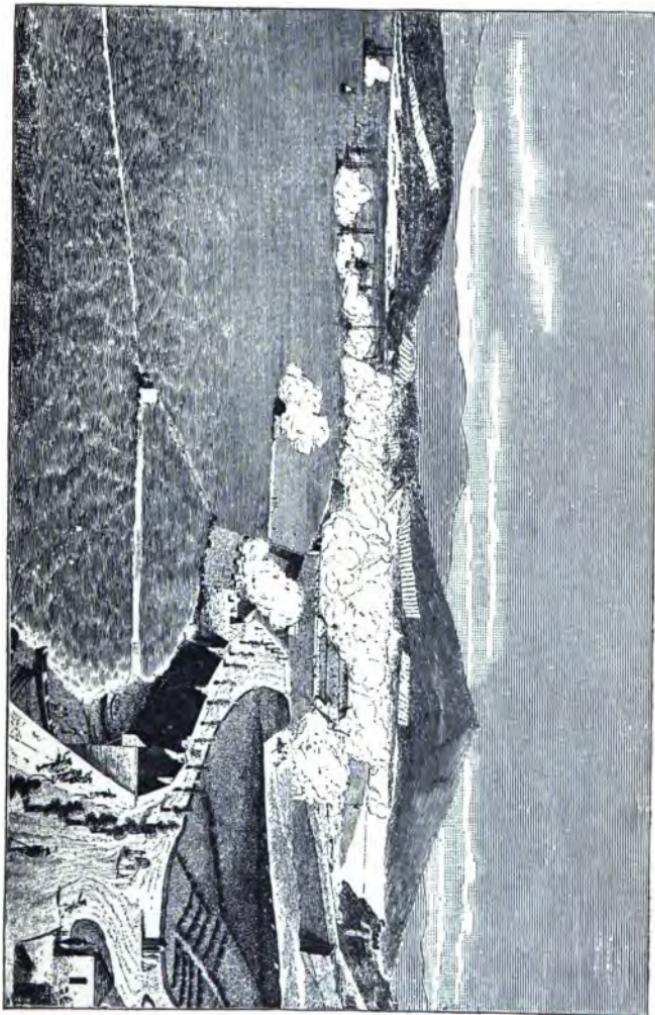
September. Shortly after nine in the morning, the ten battering-ships took up their several positions in admirable order : the admiral, in a two-decker, dropping anchor about nine hundred yards off the King's Bastion, and the others successively falling into their places to the right and left of the flag-ships ; the most distant being about 1100 or 1200 yards from the garrison. General Elliot reserved his fire until the first ship anchored, and then began a well-directed cannonade. The enemy occupied about ten minutes in their manœuvres ; after which they returned our fire, and the stress of battle waxed fast and furious. The air was darkened by the clouds of smoke which rose from shore and sea, while the rattle of shot and the whirr of shells seemed to silence the very echoes. Four hundred pieces of the heaviest artillery were discharging their murderous missiles simultaneously, until one might have thought that all the thunders of heaven were let loose.

After a few hours' cannonade, our soldiers found that the battering-ships were fully as formidable as they had been represented. "Our heaviest shells," says Drinkwater, "often rebounded from their tops, whilst the 32-pound shot seemed incapable of making

any visible impression upon their hulls. Frequently we flattered ourselves they were on fire; but no sooner did any smoke appear, than, with admirable intrepidity, men were observed applying water, from their engines within, to those places whence the smoke issued. These circumstances, with the prodigious cannonade which they maintained, gave us reason to imagine that the attack would not be so soon decided as, from our success against their land-batteries, we had fondly expected. Even the artillery themselves, at this period, had their doubts of the effect of the red-hot shot, which began to be used about twelve, but were not general till between one and two o'clock." The ordnance portable furnaces for heating shot being too few to supply the demands of the artillery when the battle reached its culmination, huge fires of wood were kindled in the corners of the nearest buildings, in which the shot were speedily prepared for use. Our soldiers jocularly termed these supplies "roasted potatoes."

At first the enemy's cannon were too much elevated, but about noon they obtained the range, and their firing was powerful, and skilfully directed. The casualties then became numerous, particularly on those batteries north of the King's Bastion, which

VIEW OF THE GRAND ATTACK UPON GIBRALTAR, SEPTEMBER 18, 1782.
(From a Drawing by Lieutenant Sowdy of the 1st Regiment.) Page 2.





were exposed to a cross-fire from the Spanish land-fortifications. Our gunners, however, disregarded this attack, and concentrated all their efforts on the battering-ships, the steady opposition which they offered inciting the British to a boundless resentment. The fire of the garrison increased, if that were possible, in intensity. Every man served the guns as if he were aiming at some personal enemy. From all quarters rained incessant showers of hot balls, carcasses, and shells of every description ; and as the masts of several of the ships went by the board, and the rigging of all hung in shreds and tatters, the hopes of the garrison began to revive.

For some hours, however, it was difficult to say whether the attack or the defence would prevail. The wonderful construction of the floating batteries apparently defied the heaviest ordnance that the garrison could bring to bear upon them. In the afternoon, however, a considerable change was apparent, and the besieged observed with delight that the flag-ship and the admiral's second were on fire, and that on board several of the vessels an evident confusion prevailed. Their cannonade slackened rapidly towards the evening ; and about seven or eight o'clock it almost ceased. Various

signals were thrown up from the suffering ships, and rockets were discharged to inform their friends of their distressed condition.

As night came on, says Botta, the flames defied the most anxious efforts of the Spaniards to extinguish them ; and the disorder which reigned on board the burning batteries soon communicated itself to the whole line. To the diminished fire of the enemy the garrison returned a cannonade which seemed actually to increase in rapidity and power. It was maintained throughout the night. At one in the morning the two ships already named were in flames. The others speedily caught fire, either from the effects of the red-hot balls, or, as the Spaniards pretended, because they set them on fire, when they had lost all hope of saving them. The light and glow of this tremendous conflagration illuminated the entire Bay, as well as the sombre Rock, and assisted the British gunners to point their artillery with the utmost precision. The trouble and despair of the enemy now reached a climax. The Spaniards hastened to send off all their boats, which surrounded the floating batteries, in order to save their crews ; an operation accomplished with much coolness and courage, in spite of the peril attending it.

For not only was it necessary to brave the British fire, but to incur the greatest risk in approaching the burning vessels. Never, perhaps, says a writer, did a more horrible or deplorable spectacle present itself to the eyes of men. The deep darkness that shrouded the distant earth and sea, vividly contrasted with the columns of flame that rose upwards from the blazing wrecks ; and the shrieks of the victims were heard even above the roar of the incessant cannonade.

Brigadier Curtis, who, with his brigade, was encamped at Europa, finding that the moment had come for bringing into operation his little flotilla of twelve gun-boats, each of which carried an 18 or 24-pounder in its bow, drew them up in such a manner as to take the floating batteries in flank. This cross-fire compelled the relieving boats to retire. As morning dawned, Curtis pushed forward, and captured a couple of launches loaded with men. These boats attempted to escape, but surrendered after a shot had killed and wounded several on board. The horror of the scene was now almost too great to witness. The daylight showed a piteous spectacle : in the midst of the flames appeared the unhappy Spaniards, who with loud shrieks implored

compassion, or flung themselves into the waves. Some, on the point of drowning, clung with frenzied grasp to the sides of the burning ships, or to any floating spar which came within their reach, while, in the depth of their despair, they implored the compassion and succour of the victors.

Moved by a sight so painful, the English, says Botta, listened to humanity alone, and ceasing their fire, occupied themselves solely with the rescue of their enemies; a proceeding the more generous on their part, as it exposed them to the most imminent hazard. Curtis, in particular, covered himself with glory, and freely risked his own life to save that of his fellow-creatures. He led his boats up to the burning, smoking hulks, to assist the poor wretches on the point of falling victims to the fire or the waves. Climbing on board the battering-ships, with his own hands he helped down the Spaniards, who loaded him with words of gratitude. While he and his men were thus generously engaged, the flames reached the magazine of one of the battering-ships to the northward, and about five o'clock it blew up, with a crash which seemed to shake the very Rock. A quarter of an hour later, another, in the centre of the line, met with a similar fate. The burning

wreck of the latter was hurled in every direction, and involved the British gunboats in serious danger; one was sunk, but happily the crew were saved. A hole was forced through the bottom of the brigadier's boat, his coxswain killed, the strokesman wounded, and for some time the crew were enveloped in a cloud of smoke. After this incident the brigadier deemed it prudent to retire under cover of the Rock, to avoid the peril arising from further explosions. On his return, however, he approached two more of the ships, and finally landed nine officers, two priests, and three hundred and thirty-four private soldiers and seamen, all Spaniards,—who, with one officer and eleven Frenchmen who had "floated in" the preceding evening, brought up the total number saved to three hundred and fifty-seven. Many of these, who were severely, and some even dreadfully wounded, were immediately removed to the hospital, and attended with the utmost carefulness.

Notwithstanding all the heroic efforts of Curtis and his men, on board the burning ships many victims were left to perish. "The scene at this time was as affecting as during the previous hostilities it had been terrible and tremendous. Men crying from amidst the flames for pity and

assistance ; others, on board those ships where the fire had made little progress, imploring relief with the most expressive gestures and signs of despair ; whilst several, equally exposed to the dangers of the opposite element, trusted themselves, on various parts of the wreck, to the chance of paddling ashore."

A Spanish felucca, probably with the view of taking on board these unfortunates, approached from the shore ; but the garrison suspecting her of a design to set on fire one of the comparatively uninjured battering-ships, by a brisk cannonade compelled her to retreat. Of the six ships still in flames, three blew up before eleven o'clock ; the other three burned down to the water's edge, the magazines having been wetted by the enemy before they abandoned them. On one of the latter waved the admiral's flag ; it perished with the ship. The besieged hoped to secure the remaining two batteries as trophies of their victory ; but one of them suddenly burst out into flames, and blew up with a tremendous crash ; and as it was found impracticable to preserve the other, it was destroyed in the afternoon. Such was the fate of the "floating castles" which had been constructed with so

much labour, and from which so different a result had been anticipated.

It is interesting to remember that during the heat of the struggle General Elliot's post was the King's Bastion ; and it is a curious circumstance, not unworthy of record, that when General Boyd, some years previously, had laid the first stone, with the usual ceremonies, he observed,—“This is the first stone of a work which I name the ‘King’s Bastion.’ May it be as gallantly defended as I know it will be ably executed ; and may I live to see it resist the united efforts of France and Spain.”

Of the courage, patience, and perseverance displayed by the garrison during this arduous struggle, as of the skill and energy of the artillerists, it is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise ; and the name of “Gibraltar” is rightly blazoned as a title to honour on the flags of the regiments who served in the famous siege.

The enemy’s principal objects of attack are recorded to have been the King’s Bastion, and the line of fortifications extending to the north of the Orange Bastion. To silence the former important

post, they employed their largest ships, while the others endeavoured to effect a breach in the curtain extending to Montague's Bastion. Had they succeeded in this attempt, their grenadiers, it is said, were to have stormed the garrison under cover of the combined fleets. The prisoners inveighed against their officers for having described the floating batteries as invulnerable, and promised that ten sail of the line should support them, as well as all the gun and mortar boats. They had been led to believe that the garrison would not be able to discharge many rounds of hot balls ; their astonishment, therefore, was very great, when they found them discharged with as much ease and regularity as cold shot. The loss sustained by the Spaniards was never officially made known ; but a moderate estimate puts it at 2000 killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. On the other hand, the casualties of the garrison were very few, and it is surprising that so tremendous a cannonade should have entailed so small a loss of life. The number of the killed was sixteen only ; eighteen officers, sergeants, and rank and file were wounded. The damage done to the fortifications was equally inconsiderable, and, by the activity of the artillery, the whole of the sea-

line, before night on the 14th, was repaired and put in complete order.

While the garrison could bring to bear no more than 80 cannon, 7 mortars, and 9 howitzers, the enemy employed no fewer than 328 pieces of heavy ordnance. The English gunners expended upwards of 8300 rounds, more than half of which were hot shot, and 716 barrels of powder. Of the quantity of ammunition wasted by the enemy, we possess no particulars. The following is given by Drinkwater as a correct list of those unfortunate battering-ships which so fatally belied the hopes of their inventors :* —

* An Italian officer, who served on board the combined fleet, may here be quoted in reference to the failure of these experiments:—"Our hopes of ultimate success became less sanguine," he says, "when, at two o'clock, the floating battery commanded by the Prince of Nassau (on board of which was also the engineer who had invented the machinery) began to smoke on the side exposed to the garrison, and it was apprehended she had taken fire. The firing, however, continued till we could perceive the fortifications had sustained some damage; but at seven o'clock all our hopes vanished. The fire from our floating batteries entirely ceased, and rockets were thrown up as signals of distress. In short, the red-hot balls from the garrison had by this time taken such good effect, that nothing now was thought of but saving the crews, and the boats of the combined fleet were immediately sent on that service. A little after midnight, the floating battery which had been the first to show symptoms of conflagration burst out into flames, upon which the fire from the Rock was increased with terrific vengeance; the light produced from the flames was equal to noonday, and greatly exposed the boats of the fleet in removing the crews. During the night one or other of these batteries was discovered to be on fire; they were so close to the walls that the balls pierced into them full three feet, but being made of solid beds of green timber, the holes closed up after the shot, and for want of air they did not immediately produce the effect. At five A.M. one of them blew up with a very great explosion, and soon after the whole of them, having been abandoned by their crews, were on fire fore and aft, and many of their gallant fellows were indebted to the exertions of the English for their lives."—BARROW, "Life of Admiral Earl Howe."

The *Pastora*: 21 guns in use, 10 in reserve, 760 men,—Rear-Admiral Buonaventura Moreno.

The *Tailla Piedra*: 21 guns in use, 10 in reserve, 760 men,—Prince of Nassau-Sieghen.

The *Paula Prima*: 21 guns in use, 10 in reserve, 760 men,—Don Gayetana Langara.

El Rosario: 19 guns in use, 10 in reserve, 700 men,—Don Francisco Xavier Munoz.

The *San Christoval*: 18 guns in use, 10 in reserve 650 men,—Don Frederico Gravino.

The *Principe Carlos*: 11 guns in use, 4 in reserve, 400 men,—Don Antonio Basurta.

The *San Juan*: 9 guns in use, 4 in reserve, 340 men,—Don Joseph Angeler.

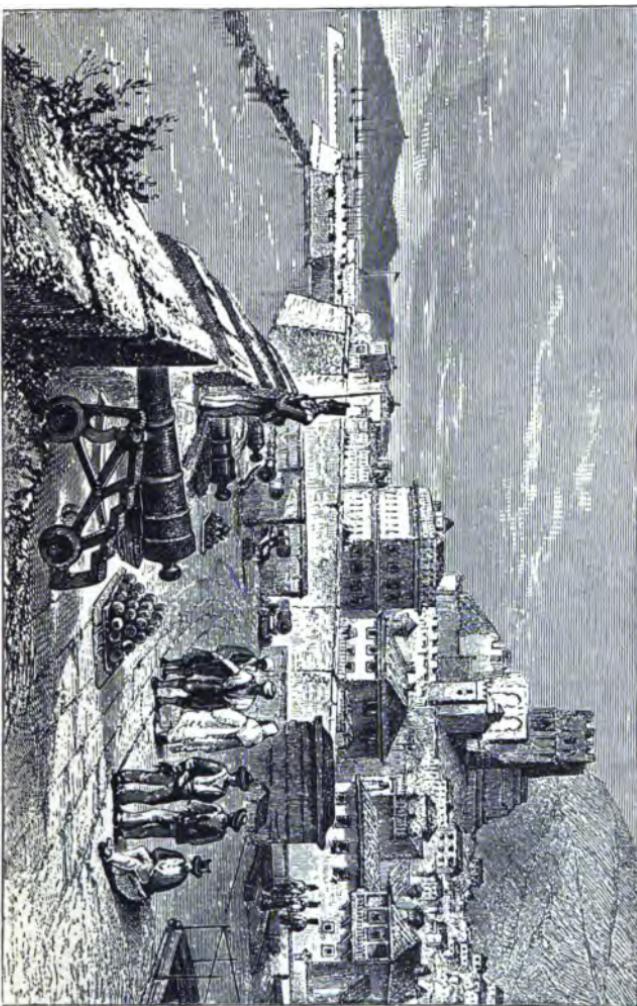
The *Paula Secunda*: 9 guns in use, 4 in reserve, 340 men,—Don Pablo de Cosa.

The *Santa Anna*: 7 guns in use, 4 in reserve, 300 men,—Don Joseph Goicochea.

Los Dolores: 6 guns in use, 4 in reserve, 250 men,—Don Pedro Sanchez.

In all, ten ships (five two-deckers, and five one-decker), with 142 guns in use, 70 in reserve, and 5260 men.

A movement took place among the enemy, on the afternoon of the 14th, which gave rise to apprehensions that the attack was to be renewed. The batteries, therefore, were kept fully manned, and the shot-heating furnaces ready lighted, in case that an attempt should be made to storm the fortress. It afterwards transpired that such a project had been spoken of, but put aside by the Duke of



THE KING'S BASTION, AND OLD MOORISH CASTLE.

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Crillon, who was of opinion that it could end only in the destruction of both the army and the fleet.

They contented themselves, therefore, with maintaining a vigorous cannonade from the land-works, and during the remainder of the month they expended daily from 1000 to 2000 rounds. General Elliot, meanwhile, having had convincing proof of the efficacy of red-hot shot, caused kilns for heating them to be erected at various convenient points. They were large enough to heat about one hundred balls in an hour and a quarter; and were a great improvement on the furnaces and grates used for the same purpose on the memorable 13th of September.

During the following days a westerly wind prevailed, and numerous dead bodies were thrown ashore, as also many articles of more or less value which had floated about the Bay after the destruction of the battering-ships. Among these were large wax tapers, such as are used on the Roman Catholic altars; cases of salt provisions; and ammunition boxes, each containing ten rounds of powder in linen cartridges. From the captured wrecks which did not blow up were obtained considerable pieces of cedar and mahogany; and "the governor," it is recorded, "had a handsome set of

tables made for the Convent (the holes in the cedar, where the fire had penetrated, being filled up with sound wood, cut in various figures, forming a beautiful contrast with the burned part), which will serve as a standing monument of the transactions of that glorious day."

CHAPTER V.

THE RELIEF.

WHILE the veterans under Elliot were thus nobly maintaining the honour of the English flag on the beleaguered Rock, it must not be supposed that England was unmindful of them, or ignorant of the danger in which they were involved. The British Government hastened their preparations for the relief of the garrison, and assembled as speedily as possible a powerful fleet, under Admiral Lord Howe,—afterwards the hero of the 1st of June,—to escort a large convoy containing fresh troops and provisions. When off the Portuguese coast, Lord Howe received information of Elliot's gallant repulse of the combined French and Spanish attack, and proceeded at once to enter the Gibraltar Strait. The enemy, whose only hope of success lay in reducing the place by famine,

endeavoured to prevent this relief from reaching the garrison ; and, for this purpose, assembled a powerful fleet in the Bay. On the night of the 10th of October, however, a violent storm arose, which greatly distressed the French and Spanish vessels. At daybreak, the garrison discovered that a Spanish two-decker had been driven close in-shore. She made every effort to stand out into the Bay, but in vain : grounding under the guns of the garrison, she was compelled to strike her flag. The British immediately took possession of her, and she proved to be the *San Miguel*, of 72 guns, commanded by Don Juan Moreno.

This was not the only disaster experienced by the hostile fleet. Another ship had gone ashore near the great magazine. A French ship of the line had lost foremast and bowsprit ; and three or four others had driven nearly within range of the guns of the Rock. While thus disordered, Lord Howe's fleet could be seen approaching in order of battle, together with the convoy under its protection ; but this, with the exception of three or four transports, was swept by the current to the east. The Spanish admiral, however, offered no opposition to their passage, though he had still forty-two sail of

the line, and Lord Howe had only thirty-four; but he seemed to pluck up resolution when they began to work their way back to Gibraltar with an easterly wind, and endeavoured to intercept them. Lord Howe's object was not to fight a greatly superior force, but to get his transports into Gibraltar. By a series of skilful manœuvres, this he accomplished, while engaging the attention of the combined fleet for a couple of days; after which he set sail, and stood away to the westward. Drinkwater remarks that it was no very pleasing prospect for a British garrison to behold a British fleet retiring before the enemy. But Lord Howe's strategy had been perfectly successful; and it would have been exceedingly imprudent for him in the circumstances to have risked a decisive action. In every respect the enemy had the advantage; and though we may feel persuaded that the result would have been creditable to the British arms, yet the loss of life would have been disproportionate to any advantage that could be gained.

The blockade, after this event, was virtually at an end. Not one cruiser, says Drinkwater, was now to be seen in the Strait or to the eastward, and

few vessels of force were stationed at Cabrita Point. The enemy seemed to have abandoned all idea of recovering the Rock, either by force or stratagem. It is true that they maintained a desultory cannonade, but it gradually diminished, and did no execution. On the 23rd a couple of boats arrived from Portugal, bringing intelligence of an action between the British and combined fleets, which had ended to the advantage of the former.

"Though every appearance in their camp indicated that they had given up all hopes of subduing the garrison by force, their parties on the isthmus continued to be very busy, and some evenings they made additions of traverses to their works. Heavy timber was also brought forward to the parallel, but for what purpose we could not then imagine. Their advance parties had likewise the audacity frequently to approach half-way upon the causeway from Bay-side; but the artillery having orders to scour the gardens and the neighbourhood of Bay-side with grape from the Old Mole, their curiosity in a short time was pretty well cooled. Toward the close of this month the enemy's fire became more faint and ill-directed, whilst ours was more animated and effectual. Our engineers continued to be constantly

engaged. The rebuilding of the whole flank of the Prince of Orange's Bastion, one hundred and twenty feet in length, with solid masonry (which was now nearly finished), in the face of such powerful artillery, can scarcely be paralleled in any siege.”

On the 2nd of February 1783, the governor received formal despatches from the Duke of Crillon that the preliminaries of a general peace had been signed between Great Britain, France, and Spain. When the boats bearing the intelligence met the British, the Spaniards rose up with “transports of joy,” exclaiming, “We are all friends!” The garrison were scarcely less delighted at the prospect of rest after so long and arduous a struggle, though they felt some anxiety as to the fate of the fortress which they had defended with such pertinacity. On the 5th the port was declared open. Thenceforth provisions every day became more abundant, and the soldiers were able to regale themselves with their accustomed fare. Towards the end of the month the governor and the duke exchanged visits. When the latter appeared within the walls of the fortress, the British soldiery saluted him with a general cheer, whereat his grace was exceedingly confused,

until it was explained to him that such was the British method of honouring a gallant opponent.

The garrison officers were duly introduced to the duke, who received them with characteristic courtesy. To the artillery he said: "Gentlemen, I would rather see you here as friends than on your batteries as enemies; where," he added, "you never spared me." Proceeding to inspect the batteries on the heights, he remarked on the formidable nature of the lower defences, and in reference to the Old Mole Battery observed, "that had not his judgment been overruled, he should have directed all his efforts against that part of the garrison." Entering the Faringdon, now called the Windsor Battery, he was surprised at its extent, which at that time was between 500 and 600 feet. "Such works," he exclaimed, "are worthy of the Romans!" After dinner, at which the generals and brigadiers in the garrison, with their suites, were present, he passed through the camp to Europa, each regiment turning out and giving three cheers. "The youth and good appearance of the troops," we are told, "much engaged his attention." At his departure in the evening he was saluted with seventeen cannon. His horse started at the flash, and almost threw him

from his saddle; but he escaped without injury. In the course of the conversation at dinner, he warmly complimented the governor and garrison on their brilliant defence; adding that he had exerted himself to the utmost of his abilities, and though he had not been successful, yet he was happy in having his sovereign's approval of his conduct.

On the 23rd of April, St. George's Day, the King's Bastion, of which our readers have heard so much, became the scene of an unusual and a striking ceremony. The king having conferred upon General Elliot the well-deserved Order of the Bath, and having intimated his pleasure that Lieutenant-General Boyd should act as his representative in investing him with the insignia, it was resolved that the occasion should be celebrated with as much pomp as could be commanded. The troops being previously assembled on the Red Sands, Sir George officially communicated to them the unanimous approval of their heroic services expressed by both Houses of Parliament, and then proceeded :—

" No army has ever been rewarded by higher national honours; and it is well known how great, universal, and spontaneous were the rejoicings

throughout the kingdom upon the news of your success. These must not only give you inexpressible pleasure, but afford matter of triumph to your dearest friends and latest posterity. As a further proof how just your title is to such flattering distinctions at home, rest assured, from undoubted authority, that the nations in Europe and other parts are struck with admiration of your gallant behaviour; even our late resolute and determined antagonists do not scruple to bestow the commendations due to such valour and perseverance.

"I now most warmly congratulate you on these merited and brilliant testimonies of approbation, amidst such numerous, such exalted tokens of applause; and forgive me, faithful companions, if I humbly crave your acceptance of my grateful acknowledgments. I only presume to ask this favour, as having been a constant witness of your cheerful submission to the greatest hardships, your matchless spirit and exertions, and on all occasions your heroic contempt of every danger."

The soldiers then fired a grand *feu de joie*, each discharge being heralded by a volley of twenty-one guns, and the ceremony concluded with three such cheers as only British troops can give. Afterwards the

governor and his staff and the field-officers withdrew, and the detachments marched into town, lining the streets from the Convent to the King's Bastion.

At about half-past eleven the procession began to move in the following order :—

Marshal.

Band of the 12th Regiment, playing “ See the
Conquering Hero Comes.”

Artillery.

Quarter-Master-General, and Adjutant-General, Town-Major and
Deputy, with other Staff of the Garrison.

First Division of Field-Officers, youngest first.

Band of the 58th Regiment.

The Commissioner's Secretary, bearing on a crimson velvet cushion
the Commission.

The Commissioner's Aides-de-Camp.

Lieutenant-General Boyd, the King's Commissioner.

The Governor's Secretary, bearing on a crimson velvet cushion the
Insignia of the Order of the Bath.

The Governor's Aides-de-Camp as Esquires.

General Elliot, the Knight Elect, supported by Generals de la Motte
and Green.

Aides-de-Camp to the Major-Generals.

Major-General Picton.

His Aide-de-Camp.

The Brigadier-Generals, eldest first.

Band—De la Motte's.

Second Division of Field-Officers, eldest first.

Band of the 56th Regiment.

The Grenadiers of the Garrison.

Such was the procession ; and interesting it must have been to see those bronzed and battle-worn heroes, who had but just been released from the toils

and anxieties of a protracted siege, assembled in recognition of the honour paid by their sovereign to the commander whose resolution, devotion, and military capacity had so largely conduced to bring about a successful result.

The following particulars are borrowed from Drinkwater, whose minute history of the siege is necessarily the authority to which all later writers resort :—

No compliment was paid to the knight elect, but as the commissioner passed, each regiment, with the officers, saluted. When the procession arrived at the bastion, the general and field-officers placed themselves on each side of a throne that had been erected for the purpose, the artillery formed around, and the grenadiers fronting the bastion, along the line-wall. The proper reverences being made to the vacant throne, the commissioner desired his secretary to read the commission ; which being done, he addressed the knight elect in a short complimentary speech, taking the ribbon at the conclusion and placing it over the governor's shoulder, who inclined a little for that purpose. Three reverences were then a second time made, and each took his seat on a crimson velvet chair on each side of the throne, the

commissioner sitting on the right hand. The governor was no sooner invested than the band struck up "God save the King." The grenadiers fired a volley, and a grand discharge of one hundred and sixty pieces of cannon was fired from the sea-line. The detachments were afterwards dismissed, and each non-commissioned officer and private received a pound of fresh beef and a quart of wine. The generals, with their suites, and the field-officers, dined at the Convent. In the evening the bastion was illuminated with coloured lamps and transparencies; and at nine o'clock a display of fireworks took place from the north and south bastions, in the presence of Sir George Augustus Elliot and his principal officers.

Thus, in rejoicings and ceremonial display, terminated the labours of the veterans of Gibraltar.

Calculating from the commencement of the blockade to the cessation of hostilities, the siege lasted three years, seven months, and twelve days; and throughout that long period the garrison had been kept continually on the watch, enjoying no interval of repose, exposed to the attacks of a powerful enemy, worn with fatigue, and harassed by all the incidents of a protracted blockade. They had some-

times failed in the strict requirements of discipline, and acts of plunder and violence had occasionally tarnished the lustre of their laurels ; but in courage and patience and intrepidity they had never been wanting, and their *morale* improved as the siege advanced. The stir and tumult of the battle-field, with its brilliant episodes of valour, its charges of cavalry, its encounter of bayonets, its individual deeds of heroism, and its exhibition of strategical genius, necessarily lend themselves more readily to the description of the chronicler, and exercise a more powerful influence on the imagination of the reader, than the monotonous incidents of a siege. It is difficult to invest with any attraction the daily record of garrison work ; and the reader has no means of forming an idea of its arduous character. He wearies of bastions and batteries ; of rounds of shot and shell expended ; of labours the issue of which is not apparent ; of demonstrations which are seemingly all in vain. Yet it is certain that a campaign in the open field, or a great battle like that of Waterloo, makes less demand on the best qualities of a soldier than a protracted siege. The long roll of victories of the British army is emblazoned with names which will never be forgotten

so long as England retains her imperial spirit or her pride in the past, and among those names, if loyalty and true bravery and heroic endurance are to receive their just recompense, conspicuous and thrice-honoured will always shine that of Gibraltar ! And the true Englishman, remembering how steadfastly Elliot and his veterans maintained their hold upon the Rock, will sympathize with the generous sentiment of the poet, when he says,—

“ Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the north-west died away ;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay,
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
In the dimmest north-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and
gray ;
' Here, and here, did England help me ; how can I help England ?'
—say ;
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.”

Since the Great Siege no attempt has been made to wrest the Rock from our firm British grasp ; nor are we likely to surrender it, holding it as we do in the interests of Europe. Its military importance may be less than it was in the days before steam became one of the instruments of war ; but still it is one of the keys of the Mediterranean, which we cannot afford to see in the hands of any other Power. We do not hold it selfishly, being con-

cerned, not to shut up the Mediterranean, but to keep it free for the commerce of every nation. Moreover, it is a symbol of power which we cannot relinquish without disgrace.

In the later annals of Gibraltar the chief event is the mutiny of the garrison, under the governorship of the Duke of Kent, the father of the Queen.

The young prince, when he entered on a military career, was sent to Hanover to learn the duties of his profession, and there he acquired that scrupulous regard for the smallest externals and that "pipe-clayed pedantry" which, before the days of Moltke, were the vice of the German army. Afterwards he was sent to Geneva, where he soon fell into debt, owing to the meagre allowance which he received from his royal father. Returning to England, in the hope that George III. would assist, he was ordered to start in twenty-four hours for Gibraltar, with the rank and position of colonel of the 7th Fusiliers. His rigid disciplinarian habits here made him unpopular with the common soldiers, who, however, at that time contained a large percentage of desperate and dissolute characters; but by the officers of the garrison he was as much esteemed on

account of his excellent qualities as he was respected on account of his rank.

In the course of his professional career the Duke of Kent served in Nova Scotia, and in 1799 acted as commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America. Afterwards he was again sent to Gibraltar—this time as governor. The garrison was in a state of open insubordination, and had acquired an ill repute for its drunkenness and profligacy. To cleanse this Augean stable, a kind of military Hercules was required; and the duke was chosen, partly on account of his rank, partly on account of his known strictness as a disciplinarian. He went, carrying with him the most positive instructions, and relying upon promises of hearty support from the British Cabinet. A more unpleasant task seldom fell to a prince of the royal blood, for it could not be efficiently discharged without loss of popularity. The duke, however, set to work most vigorously. He abolished one half the wine-shops; established a regimental canteen; ordered out the troops for long periods of drill and exercise; and punished disobedience with an unfaltering hand.

In course of his reforms he found occasion to tarry with some of the officers, and there is

reason to fear that they did their utmost to foster a spirit of revenge among the private soldiers. However this may be, a mutiny broke out, with the object, it is said, of compelling the duke to retire on board ship, and leave the garrison ; though it may well be doubted whether the mutineers, in the intoxication of success, would not have gone further, and perhaps have stained their hands with blood. Happily, a part of the garrison stood firm ; the mutineers disagreed among themselves ; the outbreak proved a failure ; and the ringleaders were arrested and tried by court-martial. Ten were sentenced to death, but only three were executed.

In less than three months all symptoms of disaffection subsided ; the influence of a steady discipline was felt in the improved condition of the soldiers, morally and physically ; and the duke was entitled to pride himself on the full success with which he had accomplished the difficult duty imposed upon him. At this moment, to his utter surprise, he was suddenly dismissed from his post, and recalled to England, to give an explanation of his conduct. The prince obeyed these ungracious orders ; and on his return, finding himself unable to obtain a distinct statement of any charges made against him,

demanded a court-martial. This was curtly refused, and the duke involved in suspicions which he was not allowed to dissipate. That he was unfairly treated cannot be doubted; he was made the victim of personal and political intrigues. He had the satisfaction, however, of receiving from the inhabitants of Gibraltar a testimonial of attachment and respect, valued at one thousand guineas; while the British adjutant-general pronounced his "military code of instruction for the garrison of Gibraltar" an "enlightened and excellent system."

Of late years the command at Gibraltar has usually been given to some officer of rank who has distinguished himself by his services in the field. It has been held by such men as Sir William Gom and Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars; and at the present time (1879) it is in the hands of one of our most distinguished soldiers, Lord Napier of Magdala. As the first of the line of strongholds which guard our highway to India, it still possesses and must always possess a value and a significance; and it is well that such a post should be reserved for a veteran general, who, in case of need, will know how to utilise its capabilities and maintain its reputation for impregnability.

PART II.

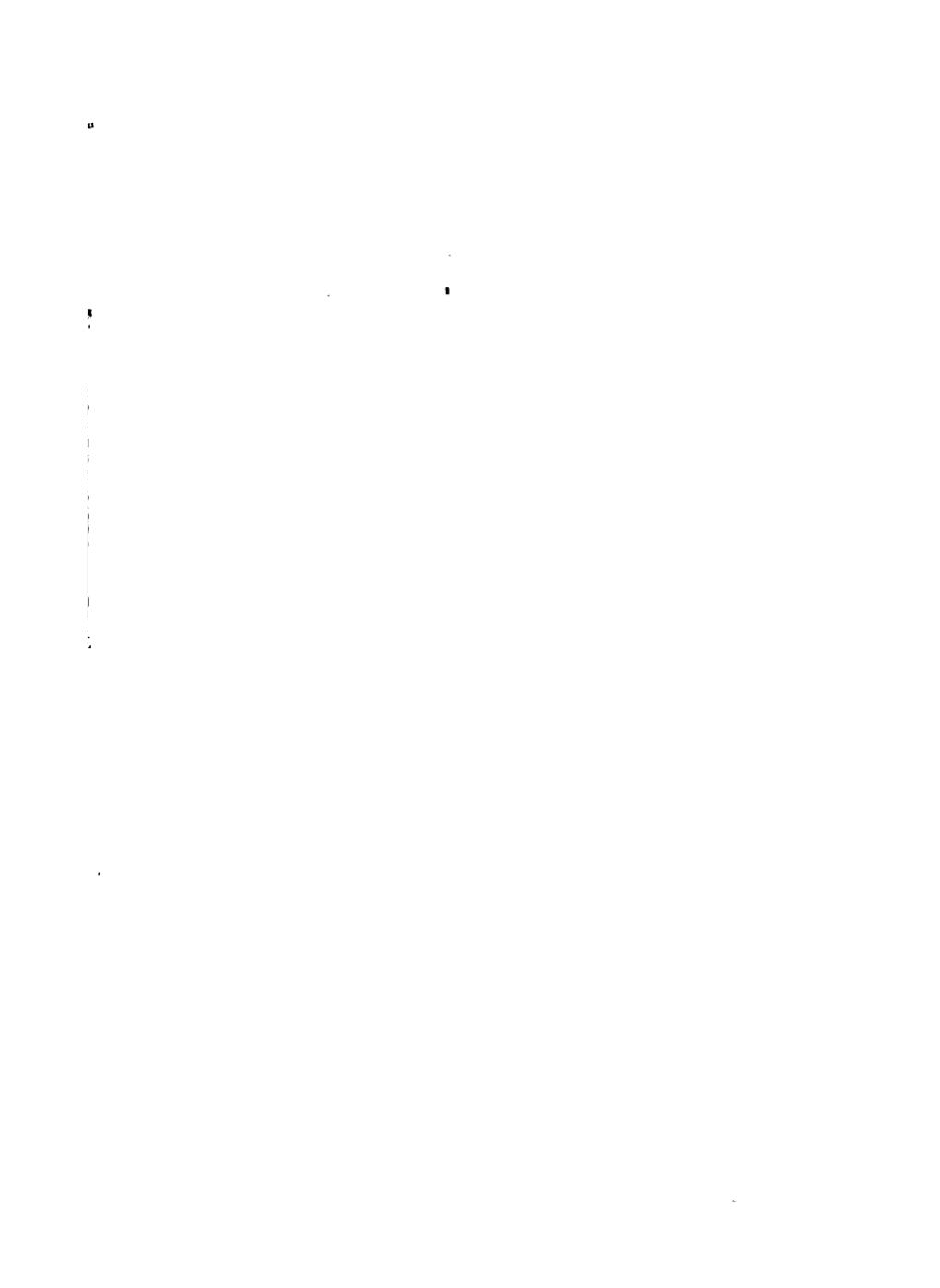
Gibraltar as it Was and Is.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

HE Atlantic is connected with the Mediterranean, as everybody knows, by a narrow channel of irregular configuration, the Strait of Gibraltar, which flows between the Rock of Gibraltar on the north, and the Rock of Ceuta, backed by the strange mass of Mons Abyla, or Apes' Hill, on the south.

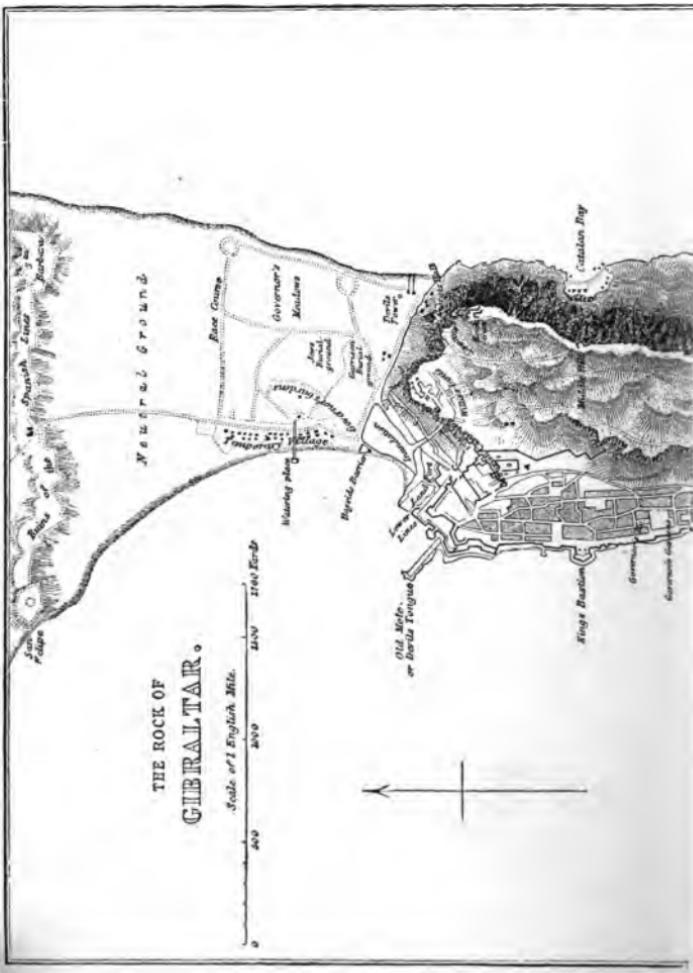
Gibraltar was anciently called Calpe; and Calpe and Abyla were the legendary *Herculis Columnæ*, or "Pillars of Hercules," which marked the limit of the mythical hero's conquests, and formed the supposed boundary of the Western world. The fable originated doubtlessly in the fact that the sun, or Hercules, to the navigators of the Mediterranean,

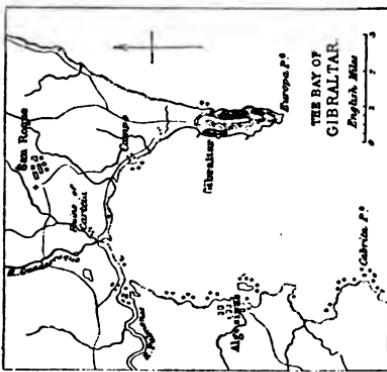
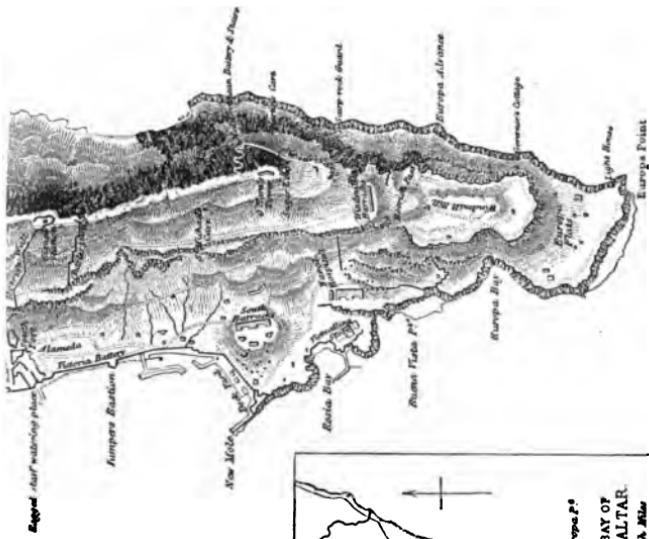


THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

TURKISH

Scale of 1 English Mile.







sets behind these imposing promontories, dipping below "the rim of ocean" as if to disappear for ever!

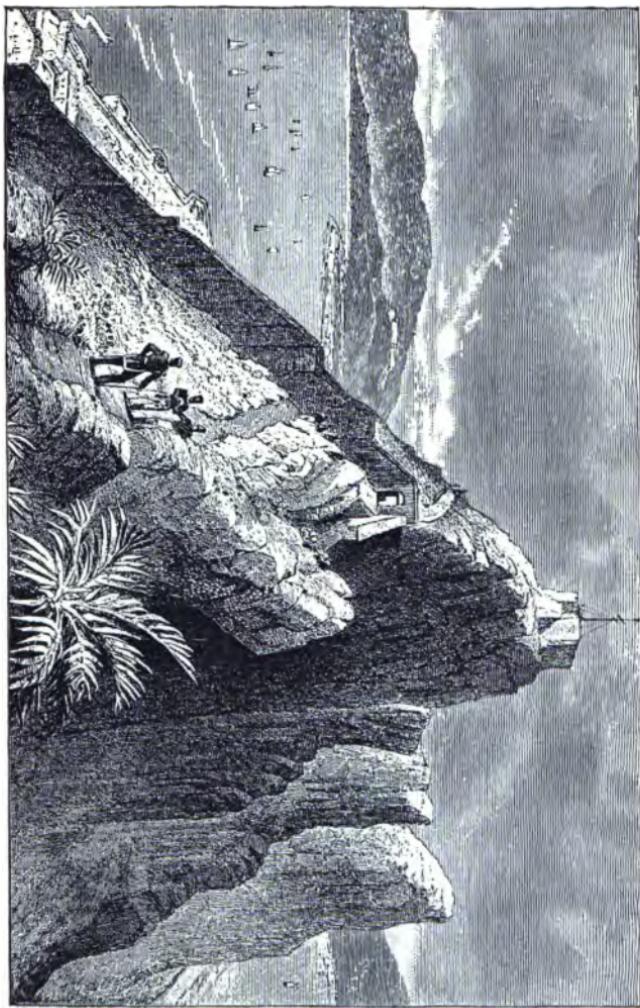
The first Greek author who mentions the famous Pillars is the poet Pindar. He speaks of them as the point to which the renown of his heroes extended, beyond which no mortal, whether wise or foolish, could advance. As thus in his 3rd Olympic :—

"As water's vital stream all things surpass,
As gold's all-worshipped ore
Holds amid fortune's stores the highest class;
So to that distant shore,
To where the pillars of Alcides rise,
Fame's utmost boundaries,
Theron, pursuing his successful way,
Hath deckt with glory's brightest ray
His lineal virtues. Farther to attain,
Wise and unwise, with me despair, th' attempt were vain."

In the time of Herodotus they formed a perfectly familiar position ; and they did not long remain the *ne plus ultra* of human enterprise, the Phoenician mariners sailing far beyond them, and reaching the coast of Britain. Even in the days of Strabo, however, a good deal of confusion prevailed in the minds of men respecting these Pillars. He tells us that some supposed them to be islands, others rocky headlands ; both rising sheer out of the sea like

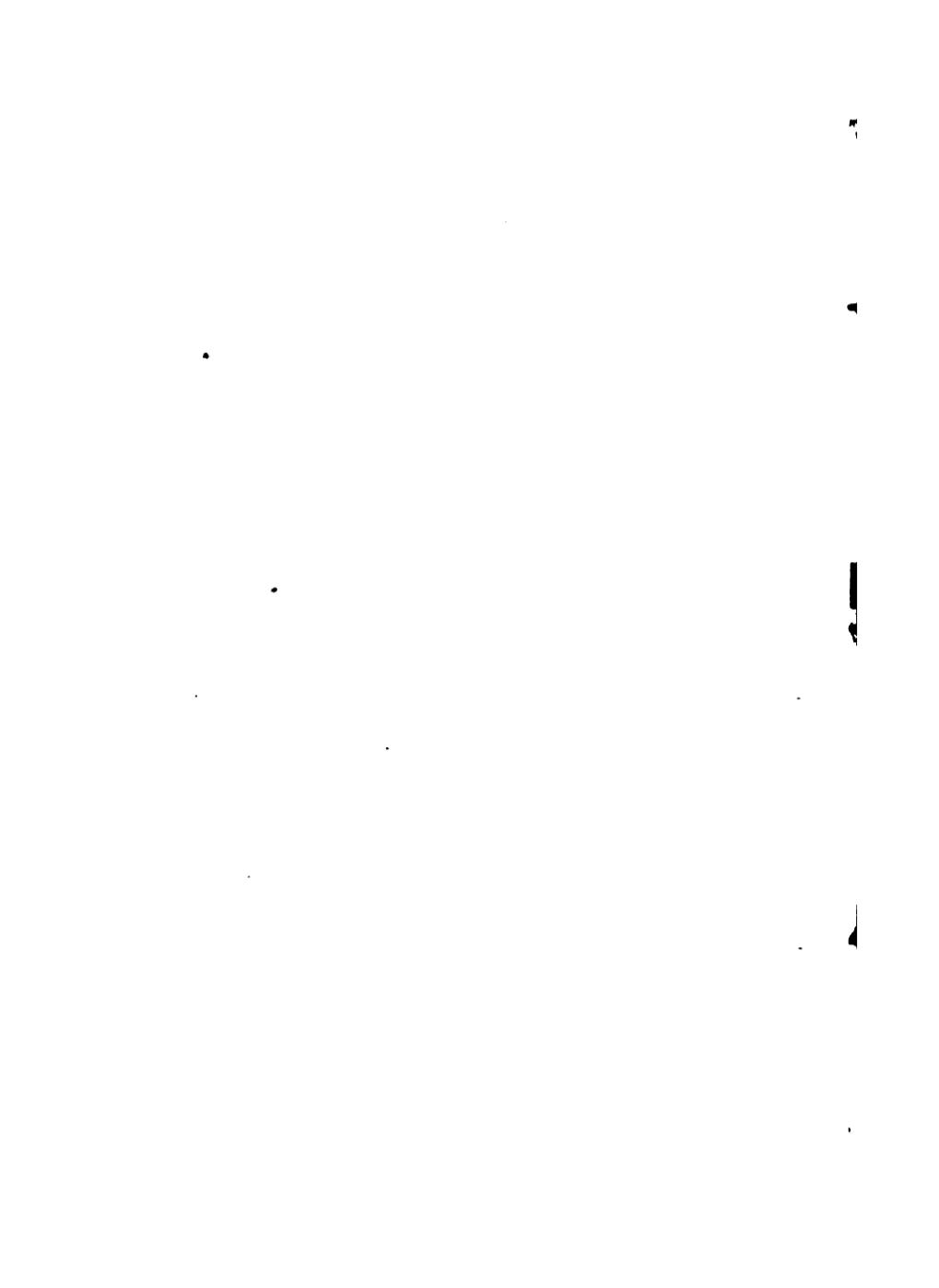
colossal columns. Others expected to find them indicated by cities, or columns, or statues, erected either by Hercules himself as the proud memorials of his westward conquest, or by the Tyrian seamen, dedicated to their tutelary god to commemorate the farthest limit of their discoveries. Later writers indulged in various conjectures. Pliny records the myth that Hercules rent asunder the rocks which had previously divided the Mediterranean from the ocean; while another legend asserted that he had narrowed the strait in order to exclude the sea-monsters which had hitherto forced their way from the ocean into the Mediterranean.

Let us turn from ancient fables to modern facts. The voyager who now approaches the Strait sees on the one hand the picturesque coast of Spain, with its green slopes and mountains of purple splendour, and on the other the low sandy shores of Africa, suddenly broken up by the heights of Ceuta. Gibraltar towers before him a narrow promontory of rock, facing the sea with gloomy precipices, and connected with the mainland by a low sandy isthmus. The Bay is on the western side of the promontory, which there assumes a striking and



THE SIGNAL-STATION.

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romantic appearance. Along the whole face of the lofty cliff, tier after tier, stretch ranges of formidable batteries, with the town of Gibraltar lying sheltered at the northern end. From every nook and every coign of vantage bristle heavy cannon. The midway slope, from the town to the summit of the great Rock, is occupied by white barracks and pleasant villas, which rest in the shadow of leafy groves. The eastern side, however, is one unbroken mass of precipice, relieved by none of those indications of peaceful civilization.

The three principal points of the rocky ridge to which we have alluded, are the Rock Mortar, north, 1350 feet; the Signal, in the centre, 1276 feet; the Sugar-loaf Point, south, 1439 feet. The length of this ridge, which consists of limestone, completely honeycombed with caverns, is about two miles and three-quarters, with an average breadth of one half to three-quarters of a mile, and a circumference of about seven miles.

The north face of the Rock overlooks the sandy isthmus of the Neutral Ground; but at the north-west angle a line of fortifications separates it from the shore. To the south a rapid slope extends from Sugar-loaf Point to the oval-shaped platform of

Windmill Hill, below which the steep crags of Europa extend into the sea. At the north-west corner of the Rock the town is defended by the formidable Lower Lines ; and thence a continuous series of defensive works stretches along the western front, and round the southern side of the Rock, until terminated by precipitous and inaccessible heights. This grand range of batteries, bastions, and ravelins is now armed with upwards of one thousand guns.

To the west lies the Bay, which measures nearly eight miles and a half in length, and upwards of five in breadth ; its circuit being between thirty and forty miles. On its western curve, facing the town of Gibraltar, is situated the Spanish town of Algesiras. It boldly indents the shore on the north of the famous Strait, which extends, we may add, from Cape Spartel to Ceuta, on the African coast, and Cape Trafalgar to Europa Point, on the Spanish side. Its length is about thirty-six miles, its average breadth from fifteen to twenty.

The voyager, as his ship passes under the Rock, comes to regard it as one immense mass of fortifications, which Nature seems specially to have con-



THE MARKET-PLACE.

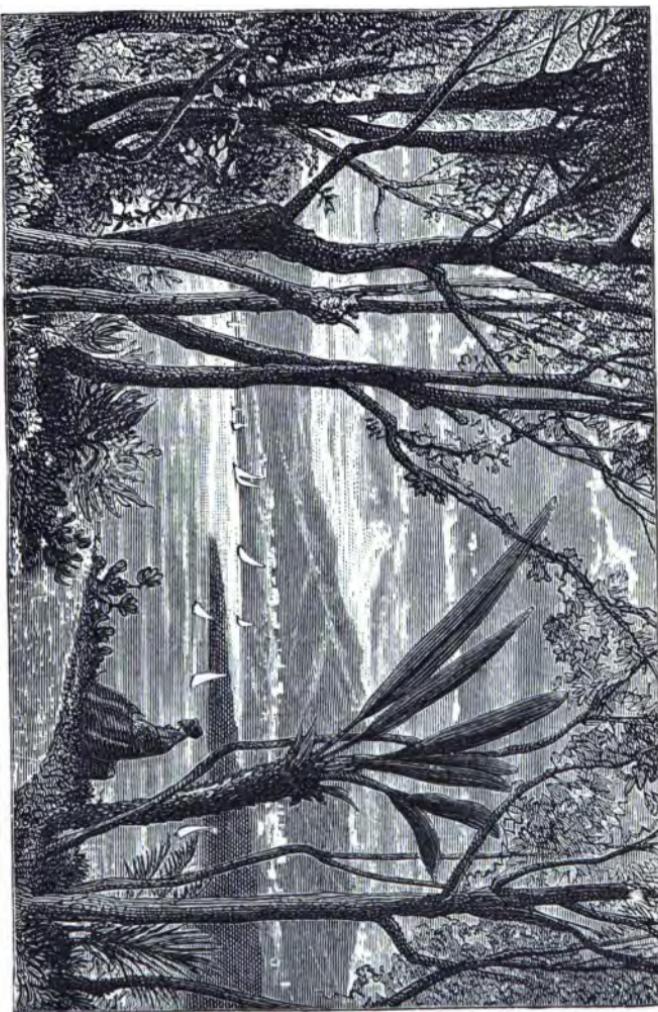
PAGE 116.

structed for the reception of artillery. Batteries frown on its precipitous sides; batteries crown its rugged summit; batteries line the water's edge; and batteries project audaciously even into the very sea. Such is the Old Mole, or "Devil's Tongue," which played so famous a part in the celebrated siege, and received from the Spaniards its expressive though certainly too emphatic appellation. Half-way up the slope may be seen the walls of the old Moorish castle. To the right, the irregular buildings of the town, "of all imaginable shapes and colours," are clustered in picturesque variety at the foot of the precipices. To complete the picture, the Bay is studded with numerous craft, from the stately man-of-war and the great India-bound steamer, to the smart-looking felucca which spreads its lateen-sails to the Mediterranean breeze.

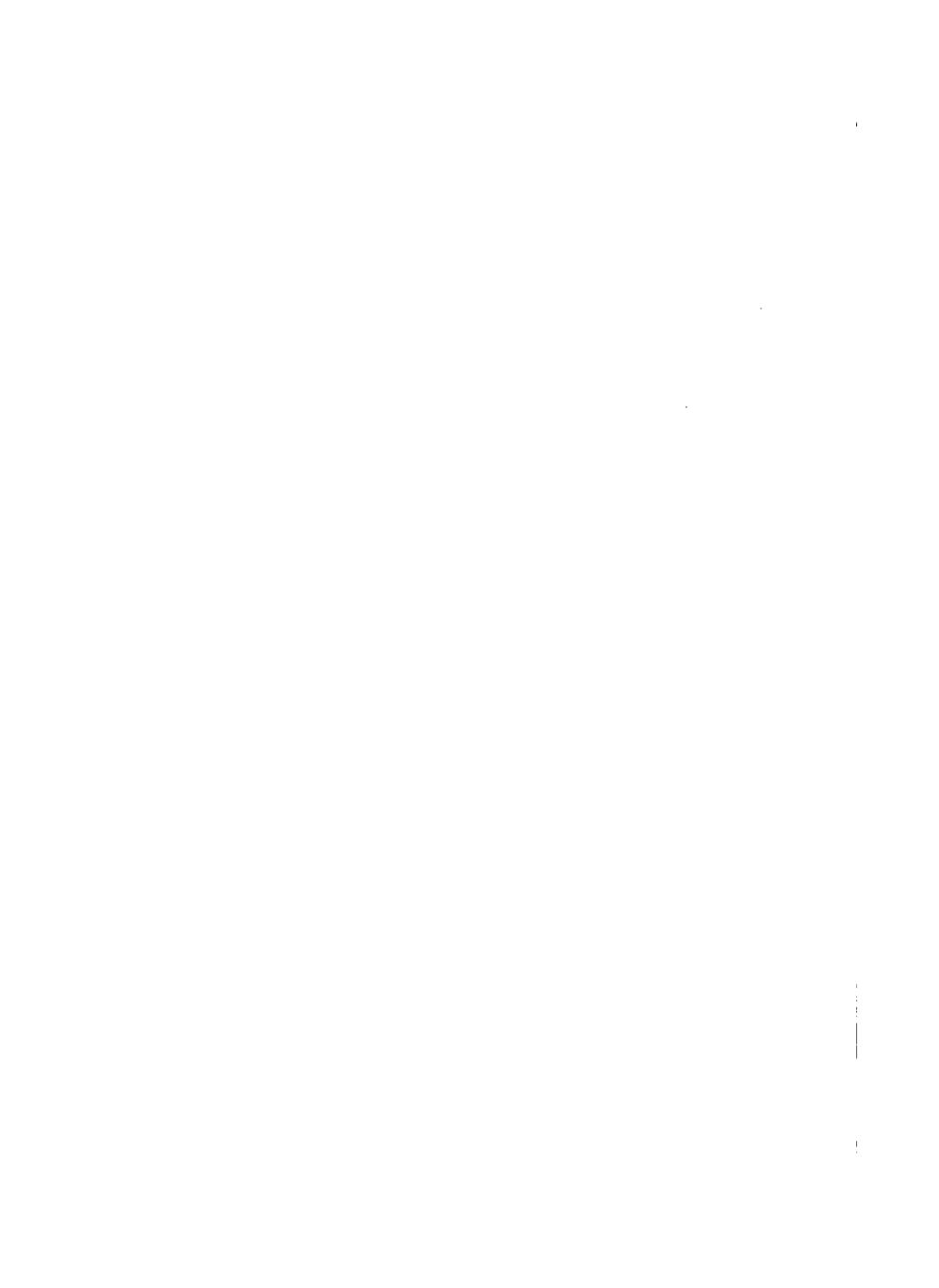
On landing, the traveller pushes his way through a motley crowd, crosses the double enceinte, ditches, and drawbridge, and enters the market-place, an open area surrounded by barracks, four, five, and six stories high. Here are to be seen a throng of interesting characters: Algerians and Morocco merchants, with half-naked legs, slippers feet, their shoulders wrapped in their large white berouse,

and their head crowned with the turban or tar-bouche ; Jews, with venerable beards, black robes, and pointed bonnets ; the turbaned Moors, with loose flowing robes, and vests and trousers of crimson cloth ; and Spanish peasants, with velvet breeches and leggings of embroidered leather, and the *navaja*, or knife, thrust into their tight crimson sash. Among these the English soldier winds his way, neat, erect, and clean-shaven, as on parade in St. James's Park ; or the Spanish lady lightly treads, her face concealed by her black silk mantilla, and her hand fluttering the inevitable fan.

Gibraltar has no public buildings of architectural importance ; it is essentially a garrison town, a fortified post, in which art and beauty are subordinated to the useful. Except, indeed, at one spot, the Garden, or Alameda—one of the most charming promenades in the world—which extends from the sea-wall to the base of the precipices, formerly known as the “Red Sands.” Here blooms a garden which is truly “a miracle.” The sub-tropical flora is displayed in all its magnificent variety. A forest of aloe and cactus, of cistus and sweet-scented broom, clothes the rugged flanks and steep declivities of the mountain, if such it may be called. The winding



THE ALAMEDA.
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alleys creep in and out of masses of rose-trees and flowering geraniums; while tall pines, huge mimosas, arbutes, and pepper-plants spread a pleasant shade around. Through these thick screens of verdure a glimpse is here and there obtained of the mast-studded harbour, and the shining waters of the Bay, and the azure hills beyond. Is it possible to conceive of a spot more enchanting? The great defect in landscapes on the border of the sea is, as a French writer remarks, the want of greensward and leafy trees. But here these charms are combined; the richness of a beautiful vegetation blends with the transparency of a sunny sky, and the sapphire light of a sea like that of Naples, to form a picture of supreme attraction.

The town of Gibraltar is of limited extent, and the peculiar nature of its position prevents it from enlarging itself in any direction. Its two or three long streets run parallel to the sea-lines, and are intersected at right angles by numerous narrow squalid lanes, which ascend the precipitous acclivity by flights of rugged steps, called "Ramps." The general aspect of the town reminds the visitor of Landport; but these lanes resemble the wynds in

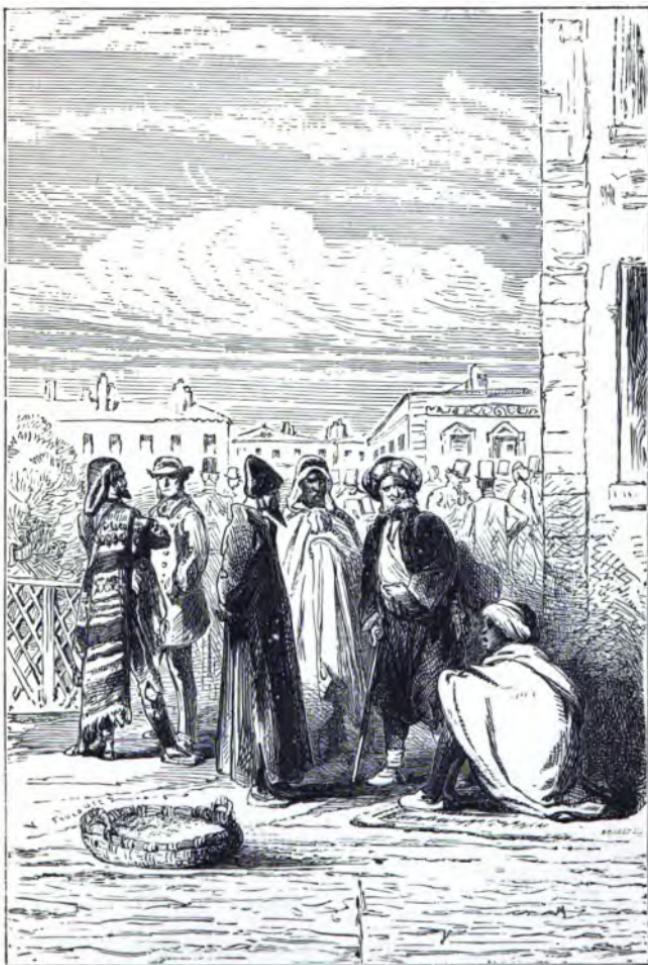
the "Old Town" of Edinburgh. "Toilsomely clambering to the top of the Ramps, we find," says Bartlett, "still narrower lanes parallel to those below, resting on the bare hillside, but the houses having a fine look-out, and being often half buried in shrubbery and creepers, and peeping down upon the confused bee-hive below. Crouching thus, as it does, at the foot of the hot and arid rock, with its streets and alleys closely jammed together for want of room to expand, the town of Gibraltar is in summer excessively close and oppressive, and at no time can it be, we should imagine, an agreeable place of residence; for not only are its habitations confusedly huddled together, but for the most part exceedingly ill built and unsuitable to the climate." This unfavourable opinion, however, is not confirmed by every traveller; and, as a matter of fact, for some months in the year the climate of Gibraltar is anything but unhealthy.

Byron called Valletta, the principal port of Malta, a "military hothouse;" but the term is much more applicable to Gibraltar, where the principal ornaments are cannon, and half the population soldiers or soldiers' wives, or soldiers' purveyors. If not the pomp and circumstance of war, at least its more prosaic side is everywhere visible. At every corner parties are

relieving guard ; the patrol pace the crowded streets to the ear-splitting music of fife and drum ; watches are regulated, morning and evening, by gun-fire ; the gates are closed at a certain hour ; peaceable amateurs sketching bits of the Rock are ferociously challenged by suspicious sentinels ; you cannot move a step without abundant evidence that you are in a fortified town, where reigns an unrelaxing vigilance. Yet it is not without its semi-humourous, semi-picturesque aspects, such as Thackeray has drawn with his accustomed distinctness. Suppose, he says, all the nations of the earth to send suitable ambassadors to represent them at Wapping or Portsmouth Point, with each under its own national signboard and language, its appropriate house of call, and your imagination may figure the Main Street of Gibraltar. There the Jews predominate, and Moors abound ; and from the "Jolly Sailor," or the brave "Horse Marine," where the people of our nation are drinking British beer and gin, you hear choruses of "Garryowen" or "The girl I left behind me ;" while through the lattices of the Spanish wine-shops come the clatter of castanets and the jingle and moan of Spanish guitars and ditties. "It is a curious sight at evening, this thronged street,

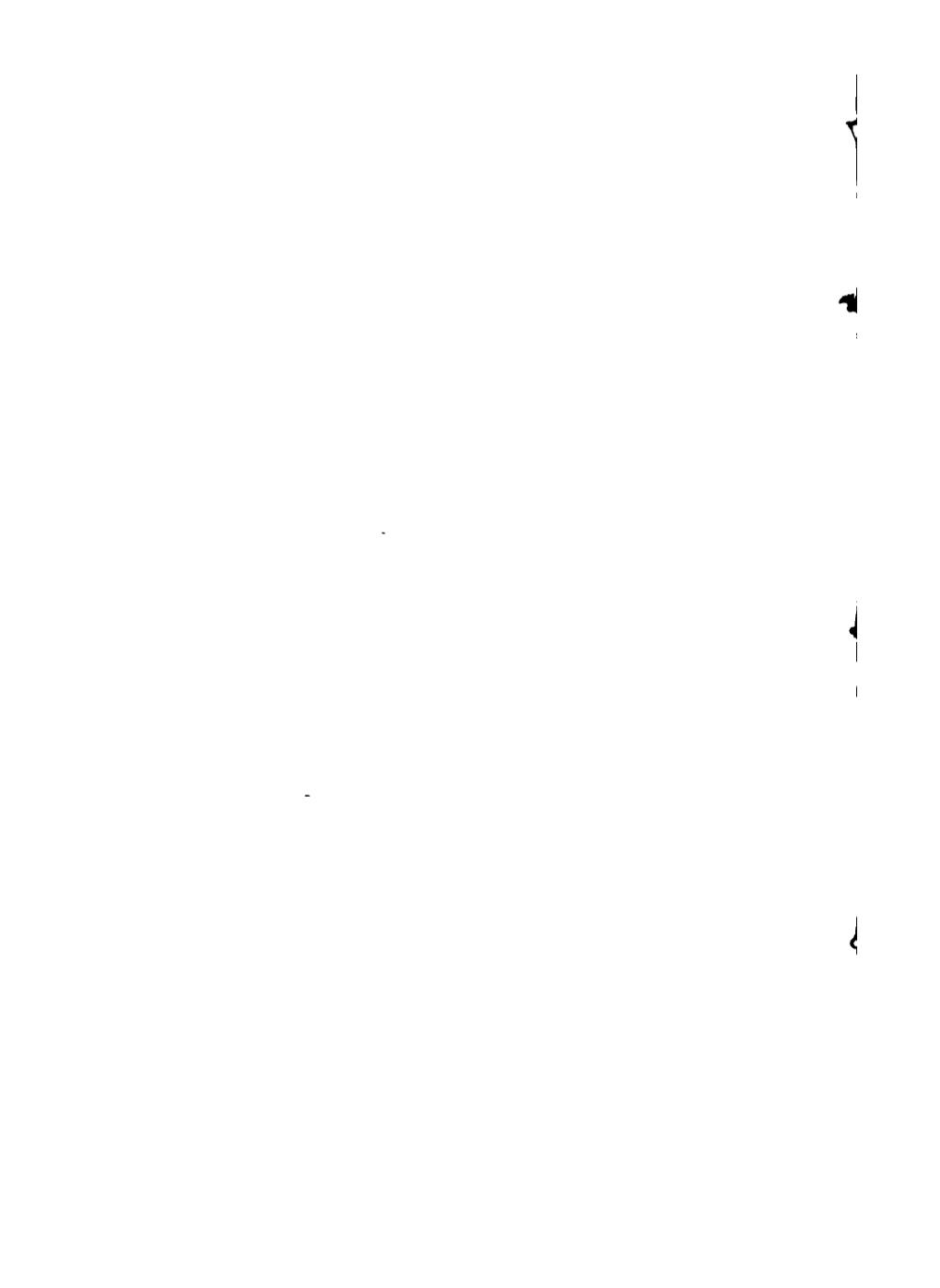
with the people, in a hundred different costumes, bustling to and fro under the coarse glare of the lamps : swarthy Moors, in white or crimson robes ; dark Spanish smugglers in tufted hats, with gay silk handkerchiefs round their heads ; fuddled seamen from men-of-war or merchantmen ; porters, Galician or Genoese ; and, at every few minutes' interval, little squads of soldiers tramping to relieve guard at some one of the innumerable posts in the town."

Thackeray refers in a similar strain to the Garden, or Alameda, which we have just described. It is, he owns, and he might well have said more, a beautiful walk ; of which the vegetation has been as laboriously cared for as the tremendous fortifications which flank it on either side. On the one hand rises the vast Rock, with its interminable works of defence ; on the other shines Gibraltar Bay, out on which, from the terraces, immense cannon are perpetually looking, surrounded by plantations of cannon-balls and beds of bomb-shells, sufficient, one would think, to blow away the whole peninsula. The horticultural and military mixture is, he continues, very queer : here and there temples and rustic summer-seats have been raised in the garden, but from



A MOTLEY GROUP IN THE MAIN STREET.

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among the flower-pots you are sure to see a great mortar peeping ; and amidst the aloes and geraniums stalks a Highlander, in green petticoat and scarlet coat. Fatigue-parties are seen winding up the hill, and busy about the endless cannon-ball plantations ; awkward squads drill in every open space ; and sentries are marching to and fro perpetually. Yet the scene, says Thackeray, is always beautiful ; especially at evening, when the people are sauntering along the walks, and the moon pours its light on the waters of the Bay and the hills and the twinkling white houses of the opposite shore. Then the place becomes quite romantic : it is too dark to see the dust on the dried leaves ; the intrusive cannon-balls have for a while subsided into the shade ; the awkward squads are at rest ; even the loungers have retired,—the fan-flirting Spanish ladies, the sallow black-eyed children, and the trim white-jacketed dandies. From some craft nestling on the quiet waters comes the sound of fife or song ; or a faint cheer from yonder black steamer at the Mole, which is bound on some nocturnal voyage. You forget the squalor and motley character of the town, and deliver yourself up entirely to romance. The sentries pacing in the moonlight look like feudal

knights of old ; and there is music in the old historic challenge, “Who goes there ?”

“‘All’s well,’ ” says Thackeray with humorous exaggeration, “is very pleasant when sung decently in tune, and inspires noble ideas of duty, courage, and danger ; but when you have it shouted all the night through, accompanied by a clapping of muskets in a time of profound peace, the sentinel’s cry becomes no more romantic to the hearer than it is to the sandy Connaught-man or the barelegged Highlander who delivers it. It is best to read about wars comfortably in ‘Harry Lorrequer’ or Scott’s novels, in which knights shout their war-cries, and jovial Irish bayoneteers hurrah, without depriving you of any blessed rest. Men of a different way of thinking, however, can suit themselves perfectly at Gibraltar ; where there is marching and counter-marching, challenging and relieving guard all the night through. And this all over the huge Rock in the darkness ; all through the mysterious zigzags, and round the dark cannon-ball pyramids, and along the vast rock-galleries, and up to the topmast flag-staff, where the sentry can look out over two seas, poor fellows are marching and clapping muskets, and crying, ‘All’s well,’ dressed in cap and feather, in place of

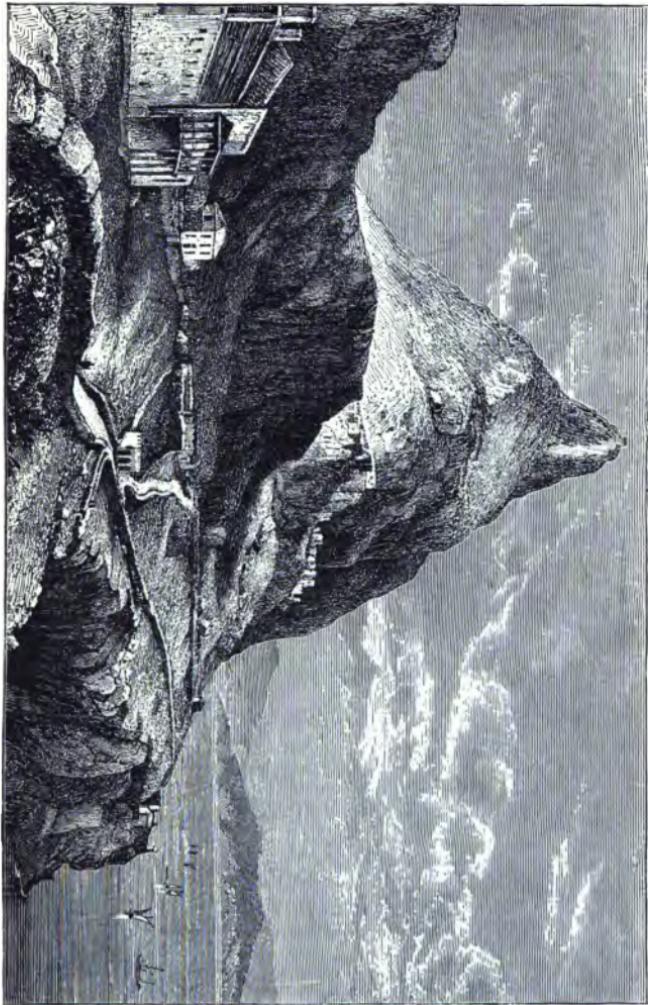
honest nightcaps best befitting the decent hours of sleep."

Every visitor to Gibraltar makes a point of ascending to the Signal Station, though the climb is somewhat arduous, and the higher we ascend the more rugged and rocky becomes the winding path. It must be owned, however, that the view from the summit repays one for the fatigue of the ascent. From this point is clearly seen the ridge-like character of the Rock, dividing it into two steep declivities, which vary considerably in their character. On the east, as we have already said, nothing is visible but an inaccessible precipice; on the west, the slope is more gradual, is broken into terraces, and descends to a narrow level running parallel with the shore, where cluster the houses of the town and the villas on its outskirts, with batteries and other defensive works stretching right away to Europa Point.

Immediately at the foot of the Rock observe the New Mole and the Dockyard. The works which protect the sea-front of the town extend to this point, where they are strengthened by the comparatively new batteries, Victoria and Albert, and the sunken zigzag, poetically named the "Snake

in the Grass." Beyond lies the sheltered nook of Rosier Bay, where ships of the line frequently drop anchor; on the high ground above are situated the Naval Hospital and Barracks. The terraces of Europa and Windmill Hill next come in sight, with an apparently endless series of barracks, forts, magazines, officers' residences, bastions, curtains, and batteries. Across the Strait the eye rests upon the Spanish fortress of Ceuta, and the mountain-chain which extends from Tetuan to Tangier.

The visitor may prolong his excursion to the ruins of O'Hara's Tower, above Europa Point. It was built by Governor O'Hara as a belvedere, and forms a picturesque object. Thence, the descent of the eastern side of the Rock is accomplished by a staircase known as "the Mediterranean Steps," which winds and bends and twists around precipice after precipice, and from point to point, with the Rock above and the blue expanse of the Mediterranean below. The silence and solitude of the spot produce a deep impression on the mind, which seems to enter here into an intimate communion with Nature. We forget the works of man and the purpose for which the grim Rock is so stoutly held; when, on turning a sudden angle, we see, at the



O'HARA'S TOWER ON THE SUGAR-LOAF.

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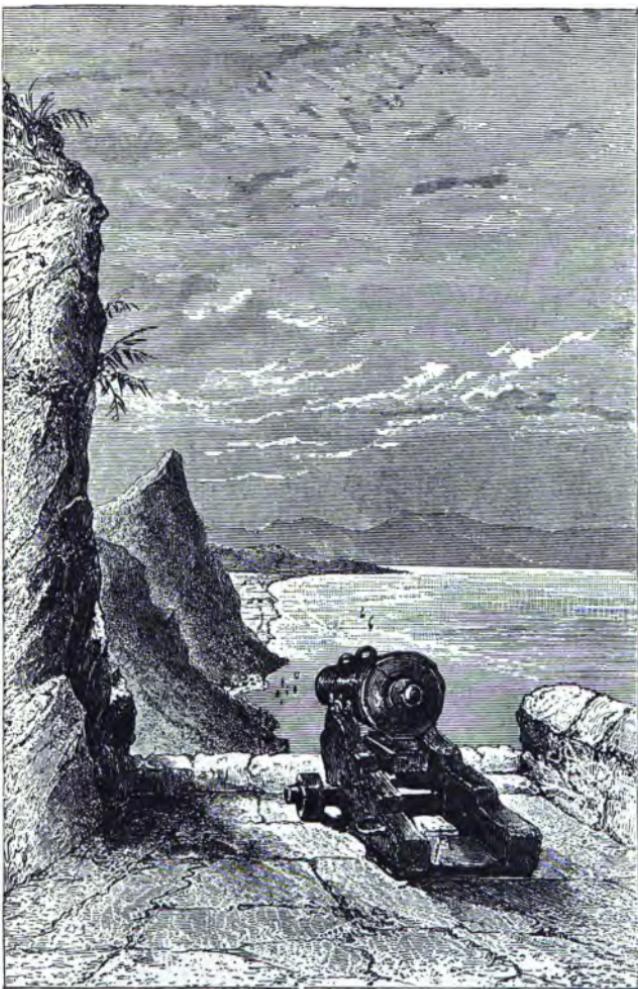


extremity of a small platform, and in a situation inaccessible if not invisible from below, a solitary but formidable gun, commanding Catalan Bay and the Neutral Ground. At a short distance is another, but of less calibre. This singular recess is known as the Mediterranean Battery.

So much for the Rock itself. Let us now invite the reader to accompany us on an excursion to Carteia. We pass through the Lower Lines, which to the unmilitary eye appear absolutely impregnable, and enter upon the sandy isthmus of the Neutral Ground. A survey of the works at this point of access to the mainland convinces us that the Spaniards are justified in calling it the *Boca del Fuego*, or "Mouth of Fire." The narrow causeway which crosses the artificial morass can be blown away at once by the fortress guns. But even if an enemy overcame this obstacle, he would find himself confronted by a line of strong batteries, stretching from the foot of the Rock to the sea, and at the same time exposed to the cross-fire of three or four rows of guns, placed in tiers along that side of the precipice. As we continue our way along the Neutral Ground, we observe that military science

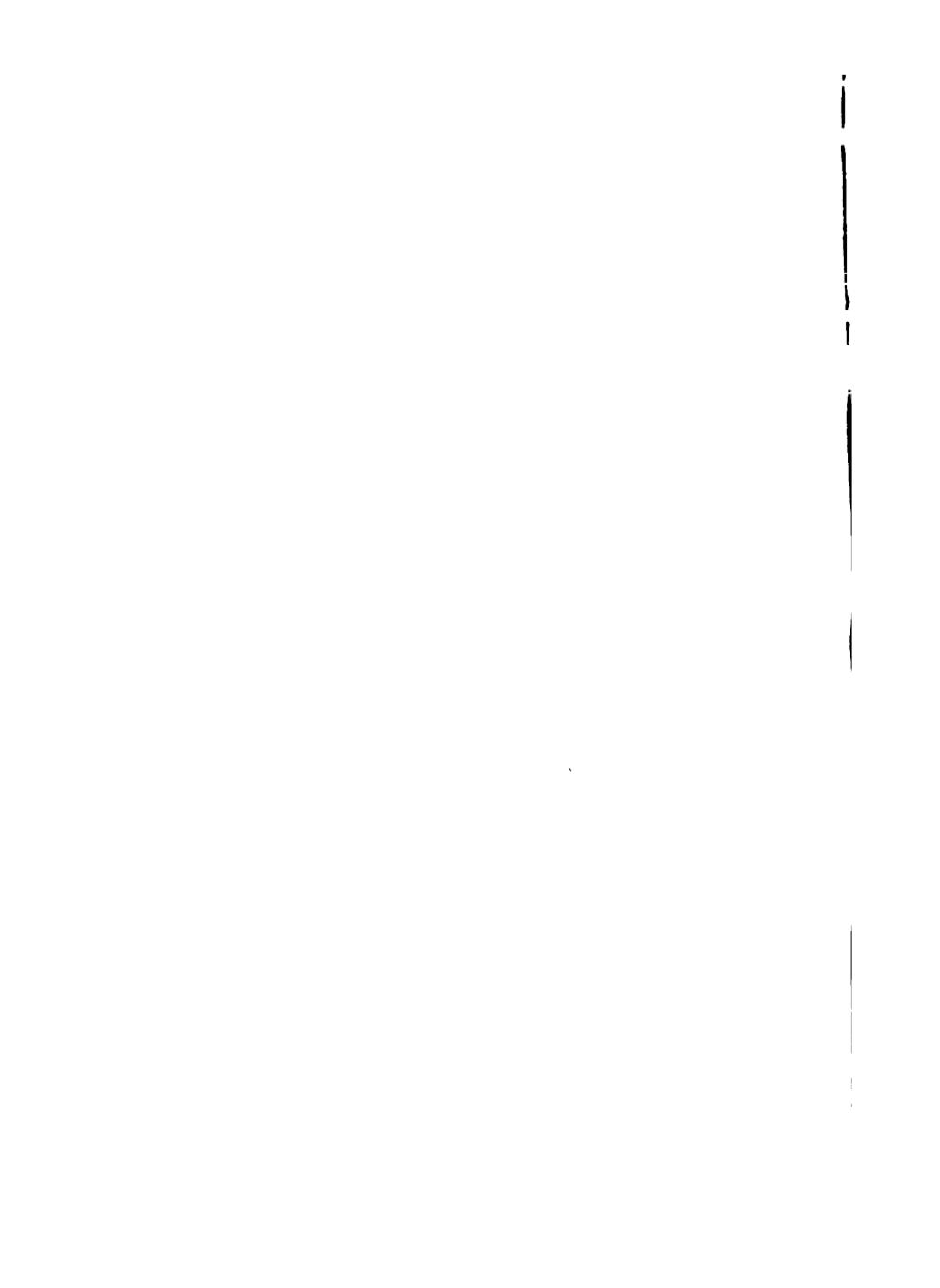
has done its utmost to render it impassable by a hostile force. Willis's Batteries are planted on a bold crag, half-way up the Rock, so as to be able to sweep the isthmus with a withering fire; and the rugged front of the Rock yawns with fissures, —*los dientes de la vieja*, or "the old lady's teeth," —from each of which frown the black muzzles of heavy guns; while, in addition, the Old Mole, or "Devil's Tongue," projects its threatening mass into the sea.

The isthmus is a sandy level, with patches of grass and vegetables, two parallel lines of British and Spanish sentinels, barracks of a squalid character for the Spanish soldiery, and still more squalid hovels for Spanish peasants. Here the ruins of Fort St. Philip remind us of the former existence of Spanish military works of a formidable character. Philip V. erected in 1751 two advanced forts, now heaps of shattered masonry; one called after his tutelar saint, Felipe, the other after Santa Barbara, the patroness of the Spanish artillery. They were so strong, says Ford, that when the French advanced, in the Peninsular War, the modern Spaniards, being unable even to destroy them, called in the aid of our British engineers, under Colonel Harding, by



CATALAN BAY FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN BATTERY.

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whom they were effectually dismantled. This is at least *un fait accompli*, and they never ought to be allowed to be rebuilt, adds Ford, since to raise works before a fortress is a declaration of war; and as Buonaparte's announced intention was to take Gibraltar, Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) was perfectly justified in clearing them away, even without leave or license from the Spaniards. It was fortunate for many Spaniards that Campbell effected this work of destruction, for thus General Ballasteros was saved from annihilation, when the French pursued him and his undisciplined mob of troops, by skulking under our guns. Yet no sooner was Ferdinand VII. replaced on the throne of Spain by British arms, than this man urged him to reconstruct the lines as both dangerous and offensive to England. Thereupon said General Don to the Spanish commander at Algesiras, "If you begin, I will fire a gun; if that won't do, I shall fire another; and if you persevere, you shall have a broadside from the galleries." So the lines were never rebuilt.

Carteia was in old days a Phœnician colony, situated at the point where the river Guadaranque

enters Gibraltar Bay, and forms a small but sheltered port. The Phœnicians called it Melcarthes, in honour of their tutelary god, the African Hercules; and for centuries it flourished as the emporium of a very extensive commerce. Having fallen into the hands of the Romans, it was renamed Carteia; and it is mentioned in the annals of the Second Punic War as an important naval station, and the scene of a great sea-fight, in which Lælius defeated the Carthaginian Hadherbal, B.C. 206. Thirty-five years later, the Roman senate assigned it as a place of residence to upwards of four thousand men, the offspring of Roman soldiers and Spanish women, who had been manumitted by the prætor L. Canubius. They amalgamated with such of the inhabitants as chose to remain, and their city was declared a *Latina colonia libertinorum*. Such is Livy's statement.

During the desperate civil war in Spain, Carteia seems to have been the naval headquarters of Cneius Pompeius, who fled thither after his severe defeat at Munda, but was compelled to abandon it through the disaffection of a large portion of its inhabitants, B.C. 45. Betaking himself to the forests, he was discovered by his pursuers. Weary and desperate,

he flung himself at the foot of a tree, where he was speedily overtaken, and killed after a miserable struggle.

At the death of Julius Caesar, Sextus Pompeius collected his adherents at Carteia, from which he marched at the head of six legions. This is the last incident of any importance in its history. It appears gradually to have sunk into decay; its port was forsaken, its commerce disappeared. After the Moorish invasion its masses of masonry were used as a quarry for the erection of the Torre de Cartagena, and the Spaniards afterwards pillaged them for their town of San Roque. Hence its remains are now of small extent. Corn grows upon the site of the once populous and wealthy city; and the ruins of its theatre are the only memorials of its glory.

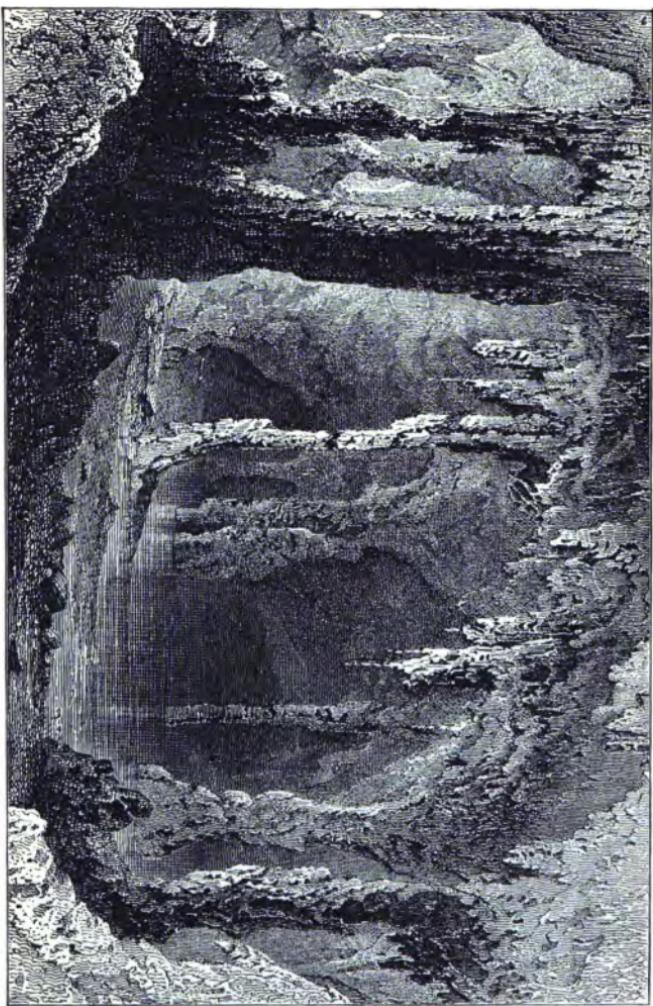
The city walls may also be traced; they ran parallel with the river, and then crossed the high ground to the sea-shore. The ancient harbour was within the river-mouth, the entrance to which is now obstructed by a bar. It is very narrow, and easily rendered impracticable for hostile ships. Livy records that when Varus, Pompey's admiral, was defeated off the Rock by Didius, he withdrew

to the harbour of Carteia, and fixed a number of anchors or grapnels across its mouth. Against these the ships of Didius struck, when they attempted to enter; and by this simple expedient Varus saved his entire fleet from destruction. Two hundred years ago the ancient mole, with its solid Roman work, was almost entire; and the ruins of many splendid buildings still existed. No statues or art-relics have been found; but as Carteia was allowed the privilege of a mint, the coins dug up have been numerous and interesting.

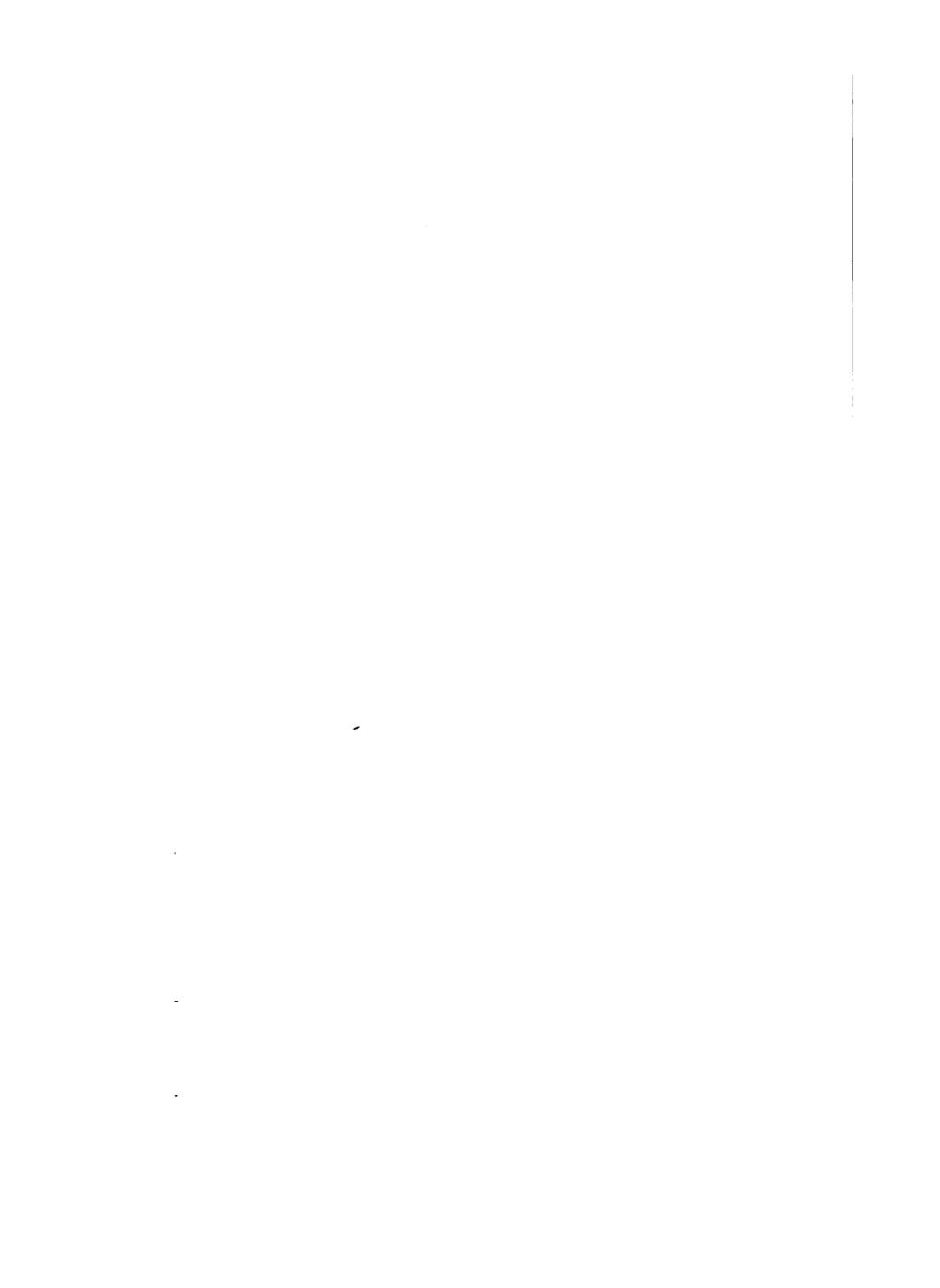
An extensive tunny-fishery formerly existed at Carteia.

Returning to Gibraltar, we find that there are still two or three of its "lions" to be inspected. We have visited neither St. Martin's Cave nor the Galleries.

The former is reached by a path not to be recommended to any but the firm of foot and clear of brain. It passes the Jews' Cemetery, and then climbs the eastern side of the Rock, until it reaches a craggy buttress, which overhangs a tremendous abyss, and commands a fine view of the southern precipices. Standing there, the adventurous spec-



MARTIN'S CAVE.
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tator takes in a panorama of the Strait from Europa Point to Ceuta, with the lighthouse rearing its white tower on the wave-washed promontory, and the white surf of the Atlantic breaking in ripples on the Mediterranean current.

Still following up the hazardous path, we find that it skirts the brink of a steep stony slope, descending from the precipice down to the very water's edge,— “a truly perilous spot, where a single slip over the loose pebbles must send us rolling several hundred feet, into the Mediterranean.” It is said that a boy of Gibraltar, who had conceived the idea of revenging himself on a schoolfellow, induced him and two other boys to visit in his company the famous cave. As they approached this dangerous spot, he exclaimed, “We are *four* that go up, but only *three* will come down!” and hastened to fulfil his prediction by hurling his victim into the sea below.

Having passed the slope, we creep on our hands and knees through a gap in the rock, and, a short distance beyond, come upon a narrow ledge, which proves to be the threshold of the cavern in question. Along this ledge we ascend to a small oval platform, and thence enter within the gray obscurity of the cave.

Here is a description of its principal features by an accurate observer :—

The roof is encrusted with pendent stalactites, and supported by stalactic pillars, some of which are solid and massy, others so slender and delicate that they might have been the work of fairy hands. In the deepest recesses, a still pool of water, formed by the constant percolation through the rocky vault, vividly reflects the fantastic objects above and around it. “The perilousness of the access, the deep seclusion of the site, hung half-way up a precipice 1400 feet high, with the inaccessible rock above and the murmuring sea below, make this cavern as it were a temple, erected by the hand of Nature herself, for the lonely enthusiast who delights to worship her in her most hidden solitudes. We continued to wander about, fascinated by the strange beauty of the spot ; and, loath to leave it, lingered until the declining beams of the sun warned us that we had to return by a path which it would be difficult, if not dangerous, to retrace in the obscurity of twilight. Almost dazzled as we emerged into open day, we stood a moment beneath the dark arched entry, to look out upon the expanse of sea, glowing in the sun, with a few white feluccas catching its declining beams ; and

then creeping cautiously down the narrow ledge by which we had ascended, began to wend our way towards home."

To the Galleries the best route is by Willis's Batteries, which were finished in 1732, and, from their commanding position, proved exceedingly annoying to the Spaniards in the Great Siege. The execution done was so serious, that it led them to form a plan for mining and blowing them up. They began their operations at the top of a slope, above the Moorish ruins of the Devil's Tower, on the north side of the Rock ; but while burrowing through the solid mass were overheard by a watchful sentinel. He gave the alarm, and the works were quickly destroyed by the besieged. Having reached a narrow terrace about half-way up the northern angle, the visitor, as he surveys its face, discerns a long series of cave-like openings, from which protrude the black muzzles of cannon, so pointed as to command the Neutral Ground below. Through an iron gate he now enters into the upper galleries, which were excavated during the Great Siege, and lead to the Windsor Galleries, likewise provided with port-holes, as it were, and thence proceeds by an irregular path to St. George's

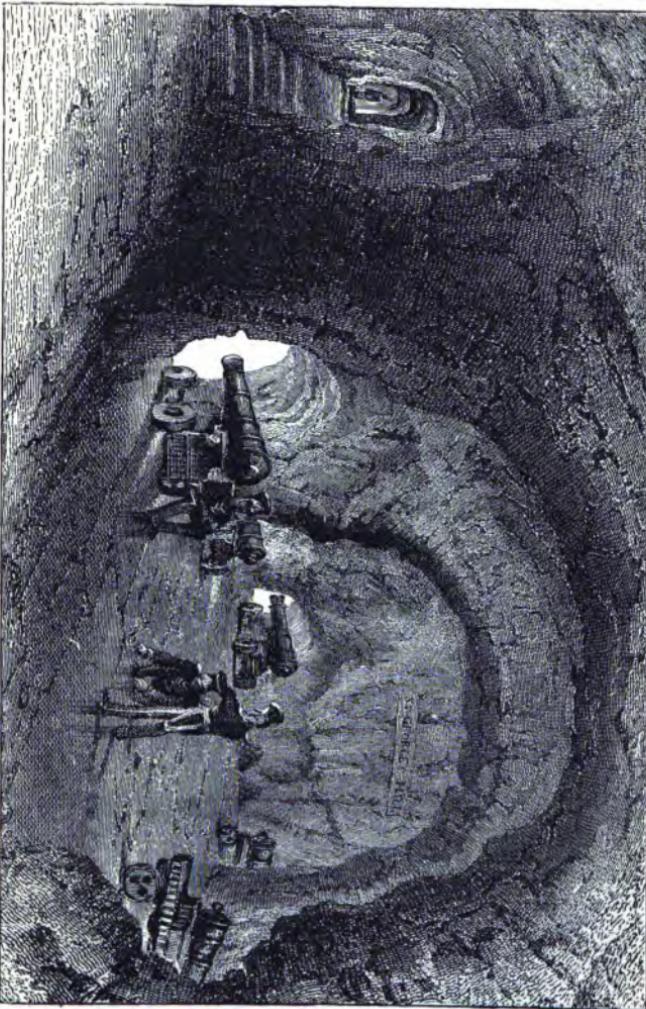
Hall. This is excavated in a mass of rock, which externally resembles a projecting dome, and here at the eastern angle corresponds with the craggy platform of Willis's Batteries at the western. Its dimensions are considerable, and on more than one occasion it has been used as a banqueting-chamber. Lord Nelson was entertained here prior to the battle of Trafalgar.

We now take leave of Gibraltar, its town, its fortifications, its Alameda, its rock-hewn batteries, repeating the fine sonnet of Archbishop Trench :—

GIBRALTAR.

“England! we love thee better than we know;
And this I learned when, after wanderings long
'Mid people of another stock and tongue,
I heard again thy martial music blow,
And saw thy gallant children to and fro
Pace, keeping ward at one of these huge gates
Which like twin giants watch the Herculean straits.
When first I came in sight of that brave shore,
It made my very heart within me dance
To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance
Forward so far into the mighty sea.
Joy was it and exultation to behold
Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,
A glorious picture by the wind unrolled.”

It is, doubtless, with such feelings as these described by the poet that most Englishmen will gaze upon the famous Rock ; though there are not want-



ST. GEORGE'S HALL
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ing philanthropists to remind us that it rightfully belongs to Spain, and that our possession of it is an insult to a friendly power. Had we surrendered it, however, it would probably have been seized by France ; and it is not so much for our own interests we hold it as for those of Europe. While the British flag waves from its summit, it is a sign and symbol that the Mediterranean will be the free highway of all nations.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE ROCK.

 O the earliest navigators who penetrated westward the Rock must have been a conspicuous landmark, and we have seen what fables were gradually associated with it. Suddenly rising, erect and defiant, from the mainland, with the waters whitening in surf at its very base, and apparently defining the boundary of the inhabitable world, it is no wonder that men learned to invest it with a certain mystery and awe. Its records, however, at the outset, are vague and conjectural. We are told that the Phœnicians called it "Alabe," which the Greeks corrupted into "Calpe;" but the true meaning of the name is quite uncertain. According to an ancient writer, it signifies "a lofty mountain;" and some modern authorities connect it with the well-known root Alp. Others identify it

with a word which in the south of Spain occurred in the various forms of Carp-e, Cart-eia, and Tartessus.

Strabo speaks of a city of Calpe, situated about four and a quarter miles from the Rock, which was formerly an important naval station of the Iberians. Some say, he adds, that it was founded by Heracles, and anciently named Heracleia ; and that the great circuit of its walls and its docks could be seen in his time. It is a moot point with antiquaries whether Calpe and Carteia were one and the same city.

The present name of the Rock is derived from *Jebel-Tarik*, or "hill of Tarik,"—so called from the Moorish conqueror who landed here, April 30, 711.

Every reader of Southey will be familiar with his tragic poem of "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," and will remember the story on which it is founded,—how that Roderick, the Gothic king of Spain, betrayed the daughter of Count Julian, the governor of Ceuta ; and how that the latter, to revenge his dishonoured house, allied himself with Muza, the Moorish ruler of West Africa, to accomplish the conquest of his native land :—

" Mad to wreak
His vengeance for his violated child

On Roderick's head, in evil hour for Spain,
For that unhappy daughter and himself,
Desperate apostate, on the Moors he called;
And like a cloud of locusta, which the South
Wafts from the plains of wasted Africa,
The Mussulmen upon Iberia's shore
Descend."

Muza, having obtained the sanction of the Caliph Al Walid Ebn Abdalmslik, sent over a small force of 100 horse and 400 foot to examine the country, and the best line of operations for an army. This advanced guard was commanded by Tarik Ebn Zarca, a veteran warrior of high repute, who crossed the Strait, accompanied by Count Julian, and landed on the Spanish shore near the present Spanish town of Algesiras. Meeting with no opposition, he ravaged the neighbouring towns, and, loaded with plunder, returned to Africa.

Incited by the prospect of absolute success, Muza collected in the following year a well-equipped army of 12,000 men, to the command of which Tarik was appointed. Embarking on board a large flotilla, he once more crossed the Strait, and, this time, landed on the sandy isthmus which connects the Rock with the Spanish mainland. Before entering on the conquest of the country, he deemed it advisable to secure his communication with Africa, by establishing a

strong military position on the coast ; and his keen eye having at once detected the value of the Rock, he ordered a castle to be raised upon it. Some portions of this ancient structure still remain ; and an inscription discovered over the principal gate, before it was demolished, recorded the completion of the work in 725.

“ Thou, Calpe, saw’st their coming ; ancient rock
Renowned, no longer now shalt thou be called
From gods and heroes of the years of yore,
Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,
Bacchus or Hercules ; but doomed to bear
The name of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth
To stand his everlasting monument.
Thou saw’st the dark-blue waters flash before
Their ominous way, and whiten round their keels ;
Their swarthy myriads darkening o’er thy sands.
There on the beach the Misbelievers spread
Their banners, flaunting to the sun and breeze ;
Fair shone the sun upon their proud array,
White turbans, glittering armour, shields engrailed
With gold, and scymitars of Syrian steel ;
And gently did the breezes, as in sport,
Curl their long flags outrolling, and display
The blazoned scrolls of blasphemy. Too soon
The gales of Spain from that unhappy land
Wafted, as from an open charnel-house,
The taint of death ; and that bright sun, from fields
Of slaughter, with the morning dew drew up
Corruption through the infected atmosphere.”

Leaving a small force at the foot of Jebel-Tarik, as the Saracens named the Rock, in honour of their

leader, Tarik pushed forward to the westward, captured Carteia, and encountered the Goths, under King Roderick, near Xeres in Andalusia. The battle was fiercely contested. The Goths fought with all their old valour, and victory might have rested with King Roderick, had not some of his nobles, with their followers, deserted him at the crisis of the fight, and joined the invaders. The Goths then gave way, and the Moors pressing them closely, their retreat soon became a headlong flight.

“ Eight summer days, from morn till latest eve,
The fatal fight endured, till perfidy
Prevailing to their overthrow, they sank
Defeated, not dishonoured. On the banks
Of Chrysus, Roderick’s royal car* was found,
His battle-horse Orelion, and that helm
Whose horns, amid the thickest of the fray,
Eminent, had marked his presence. Did the stream
Receive him with the undistinguished dead,

* The following quaint description of the royal car may interest the reader:—
“The wheels were made of the bones of elephants, and the axle-tree was of fine silver, and the perch was of fine gold. It was drawn by two horses, who were of great size, and gentle; and upon the car was pitched a tent, so large that it covered the whole car, and it was of fine cloth of gold, upon which were wrought all the great feats in arms which had been achieved until that time; and the pillar of the tent was of gold, and many stones of great value were set in it, which sent forth such splendour, that by night there was no need of any other light therein. And the car and the horses bore the same adornments as the king, and these were full of jewels the largest that could be found. And in the middle of the car there was a seat placed against the pillar of the tent; and this seat was of great price, insomuch that the value of it cannot be summed up, so many and so great were the stones which were set in it; and it was wrought so subtilly, and of such rare workmanship, that they who saw it marvelled thereat. And upon this seat the king was seated, being lifted up so high that all in the host, little or great, might behold him. And in this manner it was appointed that the king should go to war.”

Christian and Moor, who clogged its course that day?
So thought the conqueror, and from that day forth,
Memorial of his perfect victory,
He bade the river bear the name of Joy.”*

Flushed with victory, Tarik advanced into the country, and meeting with no organized attempt at opposition, rapidly made himself master of the provinces of Asturias, Biscay, and of the interior of Spain. The Goths, driven into the mountains, gradually settled down into little communities, which after a while were attracted towards one another by the common sentiment of patriotism and hostility towards the infidels. Then they descended from their mountain-recesses, and after a protracted series of contests succeeded in expelling the Moors from the northern provinces. Encouraged by this success, the chiefs allied themselves together for the purpose of driving them wholly out of Spain; and this being accomplished, they founded the several independent kingdoms of Leon, Galicia, Asturias, Navarre, and Castile.

Meantime, Gibraltar had increased in importance, though at that time it was surpassed by the neighbouring town of Algesiras. Early in the fourteenth century, however, Ferdinand, King of

* The river Guadelete.

Castile, wrested it from its Moorish garrison, and it remained in the hands of the Spaniards until 1333. Then Abomelique, son of the Sultan of Fez, having landed on the coast with a force to assist the Moorish king of Granada, immediately attacked the fortress of the Rock, and captured it after a brave resistance. The Spanish troops fought with determined resolution, and surrendered at the approach of famine rather than to the summons of the enemy.

Alonzo XI., King of Castile, was hastening to the relief of the beleaguered stronghold, when news of its capitulation reached him. He resolved to attempt its recapture before the Moors could throw in provisions or repair and strengthen its defences. Pressing forward with great rapidity, he arrived before Gibraltar on the fifth day after its surrender. Dividing his army into three sections, he posted the main body on the isthmus, a second on the Red Sands, while the third occupied the north side of the Rock above the town. He made several desperate efforts to storm the castle, but each time was repulsed with severe loss; and eventually found himself in the position of the besieger besieged—the king of Granada uniting his forces with those of Abomelique, and encamping in the rear of the Spaniards so as to

raise a formidable barrier across the isthmus from the Bay to the Mediterranean, and cut off their supplies of provisions. For a few days longer Alonzo desperately pressed his attacks ; but at length was compelled by famine to open up negotiations with the Moorish chiefs, which resulted in his being allowed to retire with his troops, unmolested. Soon afterwards the Christians surprised the Moorish camp, and Abomelique was slain. His father avenged his death by falling upon the Spanish fleet, which he completely destroyed ; but Alonzo was still bent on the recovery of Gibraltar, and in 1349 collected a powerful army for this purpose. His task was more difficult than on the previous occasion, the Moors having greatly added to the strength of the fortifications, and garrisoned it with their best troops.

It was in the spring of the year that Alonzo sat down before Gibraltar, and he conducted the siege with great vigour, harassing the garrison with constant attacks and incessant storms of missiles, and intercepting their communications by land and sea. He was on the point of success when the plague broke out in his camp, sweeping away thousands of his soldiers, and carrying off himself on the 26th of March

1350. The siege was immediately raised, and the Crescent still shone luridly from the battlements of the fortress-crowned Rock. But dissensions breaking out among the Moors themselves, the castle was seized, in 1410, by Jusef III., King of Granada. His rule, however, proved so distasteful to the inhabitants that they rose against him, compelled his garrison to retire, and then implored the Emperor of Morocco to take them under his protection. The emperor despatched his brother Said to their assistance with 1000 horse and 2000 foot; but the King of Granada was unwilling to surrender his prize, and assembled a fleet and army which speedily compelled the unfortunate Said to capitulate.

After an interval of a quarter of a century, the hopes of the Spaniards once more turned towards the famous Rock, which had been the object of so many vicissitudes. In 1435 Henry de Guzman, Count de Niebla, resolved to invest it by land and sea; but having disembarked from his galleys, and attacked the Moors, before his son John had brought up the land-forces, he was driven back pell-mell into the sea, and with many of his followers perished. In 1462, John de Guzman had the satisfaction of

avenging his father's death. A civil war had broken out in Moorish Granada, and a considerable portion of the Gibraltar garrison had been withdrawn to strengthen the army of one of the aspirants to the crown. The governor of Tarifa, apprised of the opportunity thus offered, rapidly collected a body of Spanish troops and appeared before Gibraltar. The inhabitants defended it bravely; but John de Guzman arriving with reinforcements for the besieging army, they surrendered, and the Cross supplanted the Crescent after a period of seven hundred and forty-eight years. This event was so grateful to Henry IV., King of Castile and Leon, that he added Gibraltar to his royal titles, and bestowed upon the fortress the armorial bearings of a castle, *gules*, proper, with a key pendent to the gate, *or*,—thereby indicating that Gibraltar was the key to the Mediterranean. Don Pedro de Perras was appointed governor; but the post was afterwards given to Don John de Guzman, who seems to have held it as a semi-independent fief until 1502, when, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, it was reclaimed by the Crown.

In 1589 its fortifications were extended and modernized by the imperial engineer, Daniel Speckel:

from which date it was regarded as impregnable, until Sir George Rooke dispelled the long-cherished delusion.

In concluding our brief description of Gibraltar, and our summary of its history, we may allude to its intimate connection with the naval annals of Great Britain. How often have our fleets sailed forth from under its guns to encounter the armaments of hostile Powers; how often have they returned victorious, carrying with them the trophies of their prowess! Let us glance for a moment at the most brilliant of these triumphs; that last crowning victory of Nelson's, off Trafalgar, which was won almost within sight of the celebrated Strait. A memorable victory, for it swept the French and Spanish flags from the sea, while it defeated Napoleon's masterly combination by which he had hoped to have effected the invasion of England.

The French and Spanish fleets, under Admiral Villeneuve, were lying in Cadiz, closely watched by Nelson, with an inferior force, when Napoleon sent them an imperative order to put to sea. Against his better judgment, Villeneuve weighed anchor on the 19th and 20th of October 1805, and forming

in five divisions,—in all 33 sail of the line and 3 frigates, mounting 2626 guns,—stood for the mouth of the Strait. This was the opportunity Nelson long had wished for ; and with his 27 ships of the line and 6 frigates, carrying 2148 guns, he sailed in immediate pursuit. When, on the 21st, the French admiral became aware of the approach of the British, and discovered that it was impossible to avoid an engagement, he drew up his ships in array of battle,—forming a double and even a treble line, nearly five miles in length, and resembling a curve, or half-moon.

Meanwhile, Nelson advanced with his ships arrayed in two columns, and pressing forward under a cloud of canvas ; Collingwood leading the leeward division in the *Royal Sovereign*, and Nelson himself the weather line in the *Victory*. The wind was blowing freshly from the west, and a heavy swell rolled along the sea. At this moment the great English Sea-King withdrew to his cabin, where he drew up a memorandum of a domestic character, and wrote the following prayer, evidently under the influence of a presentiment of coming death :—

“ May the great God, whom I worship, grant to
(619) 13

my country and for the honour of England in general,
a great and glorious victory. And may the omnipotent
God of Hosts, who has been so mercifully silent
during all the protracted trouble in the British
Isles. For myself individually I commit my life
to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight
in my endeavours for serving my country faithfully.
To Him I resign myself and the just cause
which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen.
Amen."

Dressed in his coat, many well-worn uniform, with
the four time-tarnished stars of the orders he gene-
rally wore, Nelson went upon deck. Aware that in
the ensuing battle his life would be specially aimed
at, his captain, Hardy, implored him not to lead his
division into the storm, and he reluctantly consented
that the *Leviathan* and *Téméraire* should pass ahead.
But while he issued the necessary order, he took
good care it should prove fruitless. The *Victory*
was a swift sailer, and could not fail to keep the
lead, unless she shortened sail. But it was evident
that Nelson delighted in crowding on all the canvas
his spars could carry. Confident of victory, he
turned with a smile to Captain Blackwood, and
asked how many ships of the enemy's he should

consider a fair triumph ? Blackwood, knowing how well they fought, answered that he thought fourteen would be a glorious result. "I shall not be satisfied," said Nelson, "with less than twenty."

The British fleet was rapidly closing up with the enemy, when, at about twenty minutes to twelve, Nelson again turned to Captain Blackwood, observing that it appeared to him some other signal was wanting. He paused a few moments, and then directed the signal-lieutenant to proclaim to the fleet that fine historic thought,—

"England expects every man will do his duty!"

As soon as its purport was understood by the fleet, a strong and earnest cheer arose, which showed with how heroic an enthusiasm the British were going into the storm and stress of battle. Shortly afterwards Captain Blackwood, having to return to his frigate, the *Euryalus*, shook his commander by the hand, and expressed a hope he should return to congratulate him on the capture of twenty prizes. "God bless you, Blackwood," said the admiral ; "I shall never see you again."

The division under Nelson had to bear away to the north, in order to get between Cadiz and the

enemy. Thus it came to pass that Collingwood's division first joined battle,—his flag-ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, breaking the enemy's line at ten minutes past twelve, luffing under the stern of the *Santa Anna*, and pouring into her a tremendous broadside. Three others of the enemy then gathered round the British man-of-war, hurling at her such a hurricane of shot that they were seen to strike each other in the air. "Rotherham," said Collingwood to his captain, "what would not Nelson give to be here now?" Almost at the same time, Nelson, on board the *Victory*, exclaimed, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action!"

Ten minutes later, the *Victory* broke the enemy's line to the northward, and was soon receiving the fire of no fewer than six ships. The incessant discharges were murderous, and men fell quickly. With upwards of fifty killed and wounded, and her sails torn into ribbons, the *Victory* still drove through the enemy, completely breaking up their trim array ; her example being followed by each man-of-war as it came up. The battle was at its fiercest when the *Victory* came into collision with the *Redoubtable*, which she engaged with her starboard guns, while she directed her larboard on the *Bucentaure* and

Trinidad. A constant rattle of musketry was maintained from the tops of the *Redoubtable*; which were filled with soldiers. In a few minutes the dead encumbered the gangways and quarter-deck of the *Victory*, while her cockpit was filled with wounded. Meantime, Nelson and Hardy continued to pace to and fro along a space of deck not more than seven yards in length ; and at about twenty-five minutes past one, just as they had reached within a pace of the regular turning-point, Nelson, who was on the larboard side, faced about, and, before Hardy could support him, fell. “They have done for me at last, Hardy!” he exclaimed. “I hope not,” answered the captain. “Yes ; my backbone is shot through.” A musket-ball from the mizzen-top of the *Redoubtable* had entered his left shoulder through the fore part of the epaulet, and descending, lodged in the spine. He was removed to the cockpit, and examined by the surgeons. The wound was mortal. All was done that could be done to alleviate his sufferings ; and he lingered until half-past four, when, murmuring, “Thank God, I have done my duty !” the greatest seaman of this or any age passed away.

And passed away in the arms of victory. His daring manœuvre had been completely successful :

and out of the formidable fleet which represented the united power of France and Spain, nineteen men-of-war were captured. Trafalgar gave the supremacy of the sea to Great Britain.

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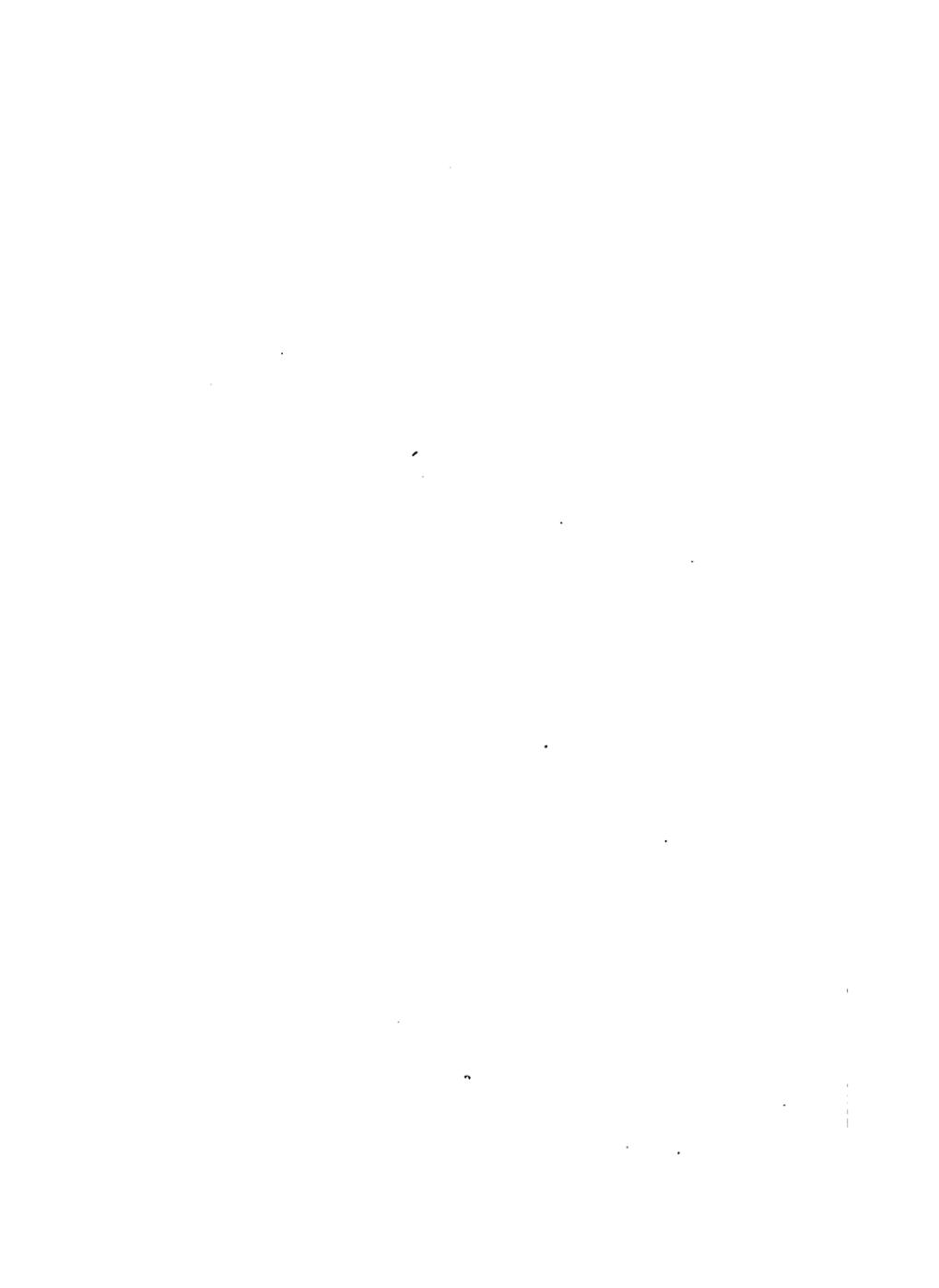
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